

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 951



THE

# GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

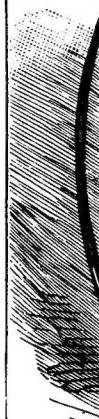
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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

No. 951.—Vol.  
Registered as a

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I.





# THE GRAPHIC

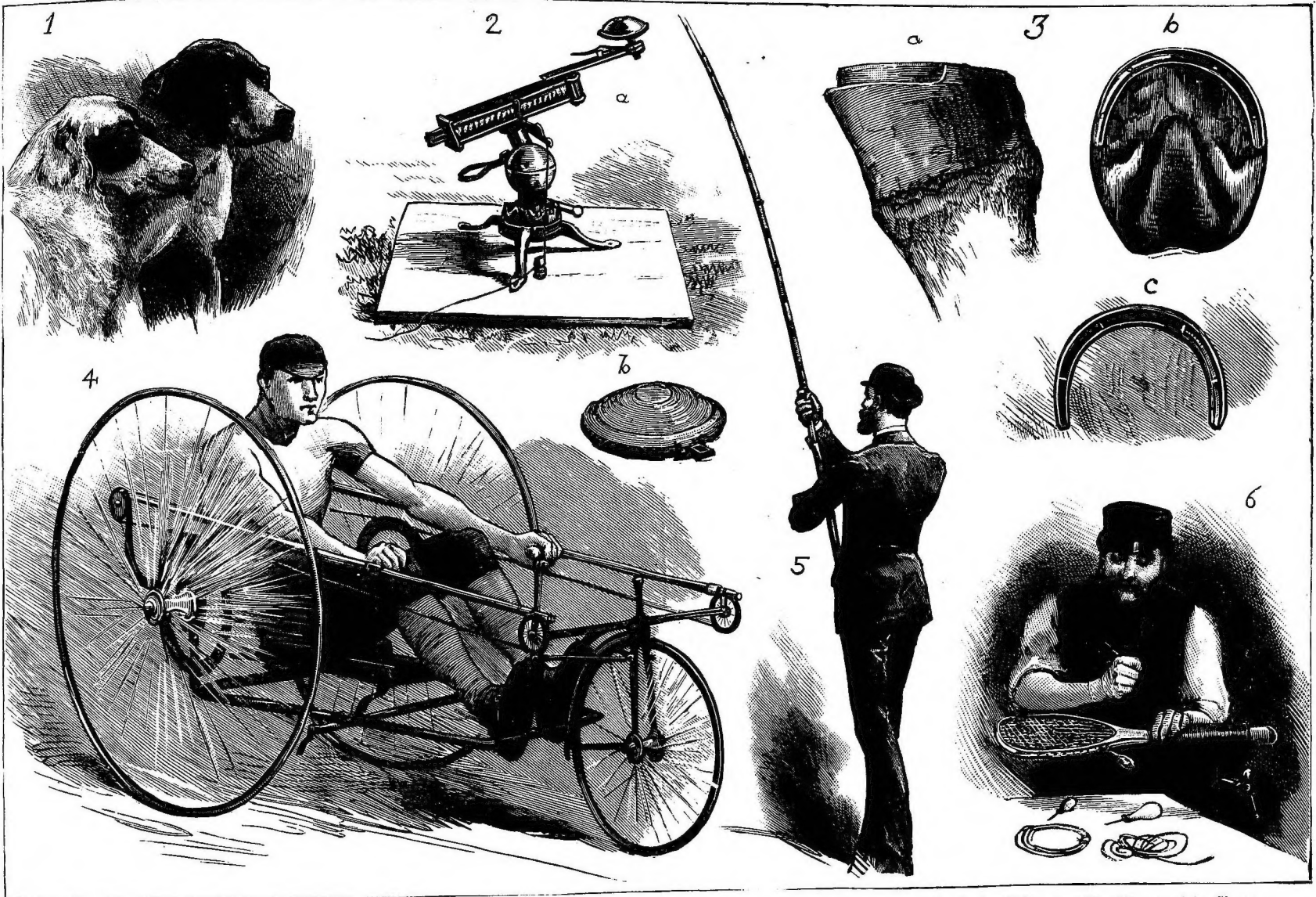
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 951.—VOL. XXXVII.  
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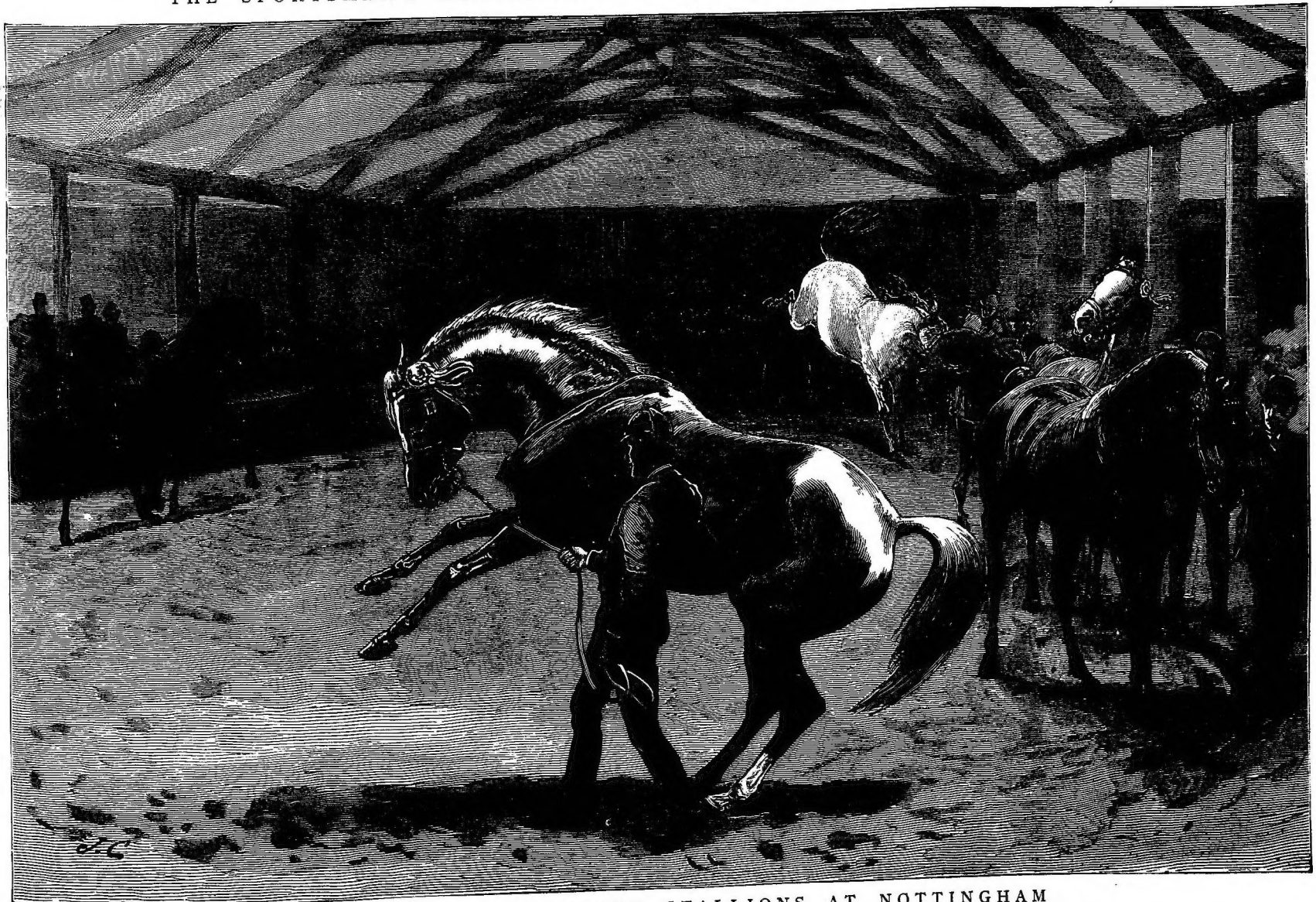
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1888

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny]



1. Sporting Dogs 2. Clay Pigeon Trap: a, Trap; b, Pigeon (To supersede Live Pigeons for Shooting)  
b, Hoof Shod; c, Shoe 3. The Rational Shoe: a, Hoof Prepared for Shoe;  
4. The Road Sculler 5. Trying a Rod 6. Stringing Tennis Racquets

THE SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL



SHOW OF THOROUGHbred STALLIONS AT NOTTINGHAM  
HELD JOINTLY BY THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON HORSE BREEDING AND THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY



## Topics of the Week

**MONDAY'S PROCESSION.**—In the published accounts of this affair the reporters of various newspapers differ widely in their estimates of the number of persons present, and in their opinion of the demeanour and general aspect of the processionists. It is no easy matter to count a perpetually-shifting crowd, and eye-witnesses, even when they desire to be impartial, are insensibly led to take the census through spectacles which magnify or diminish according to their political predilections. The same influences will still more forcibly affect their estimate of the behaviour and quality of the demonstrators. The writer of these lines ventures, as an eye-witness, and, he hopes, an impartial eye-witness, to set down his own experiences. That the procession was a big business is proved by the fact that it took nearly an hour to pass a given point. That it was carefully organised is shown by the presence of Radical associations from all parts of London, and by the abundance of bands and banners. As regards the quality of the demonstrators, there were in the various carriages a good many well-fed and comfortably-clad people. The rank and file were mostly poor but decent-looking men. The demeanour of the latter was not enthusiastic, but Englishmen have not the theatrical instincts of Frenchmen; they are wont to feel shamefaced when marching along under the public gaze, and the task of holding up banners on a chilly February day does not tend to exhilarate the human heart. The most enthusiastic processionists visible were some girls (evidently of the Irish persuasion), who indulged in a quiet jig to the inspiring air of "Nora Creina." As for the spectators, their demeanour was marked by passive curiosity; generally speaking, they showed no signs either of approval or disapproval. Probably, like the proverbial parrot, they thought all the more because of their silence. For it cannot be denied that this demonstration was a noteworthy event. It brings forcibly home to the understanding of the average Englishman the alliance which has been cemented between British Radicalism and Irish Nationalism, and which may in the future, either for good or for evil, produce remarkable results.

**MR GLADSTONE'S MILDNESS.**—Every one expected that Mr. Gladstone would open the Session with a vehement attack on the Government. We had heard so much about the wickedness of Mr. Balfour, and the outrageous conduct of the Irish police, that there seemed to be no alternative for the Leader of the Opposition but to give Ministers "a bit of his mind." To the astonishment of Parliament, he adopted a tone wholly different from that which had been anticipated. Never did he speak more gently, calmly, and persuasively. He seemed reluctant to utter a single harsh sentence, and he could scarcely find words strong enough to express his anxiety to co-operate with the Government in promoting the solid work of the Session. Parliament has benefitted by this unprecedented display of political charity, for Mr. Gladstone's supporters have been obliged to some extent to follow in his footsteps. Nevertheless, there are few politicians who suppose that his intentions are really so pacific as they appear to be. He is as determined as he ever was to upset the Ministry at the earliest possible opportunity; and he has changed his tactics, we may be sure, merely because he believes that he will thus be brought nearer to the goal he has so long been trying to reach. There can be little doubt that his hopes are centred in the Local Government Bill, about which he was pleased to express so much solicitude. About the principles which ought to determine the character of this measure the Conservatives are apparently by no means united, and the subject is one with regard to which the majority of Liberal Unionists have probably more sympathy with Mr. Gladstone than with Lord Salisbury. There is, therefore, a chance that the question may lead to angry disputes between various sections of the Unionist party, and ultimately to a Dissolution. The danger is so obvious that it will be strange if the supporters of the Ministry are not on their guard against it. If misunderstandings are to be prevented, it may be necessary for the Conservatives and their Liberal allies to make concessions to one another; but this ought not to cause much difficulty if all Unionists are still of opinion that the maintenance of the connection between Great Britain and Ireland is by far the most important question within the sphere of practical politics.

**THE LICENSING QUESTION.**—There is deep anxiety among publicans, and the soul of the brewer is vexed within him, even to the extent of inviting the public to share his profits—and his losses, should evil betide him. This coming Local Government Bill—how will it affect the "trade"? If Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends could have their way, there would not be a single public-house left in the land. They honestly admit that they take very little interest in licensing reform; what they hunger for is total abolition. Would that be a bad thing? Certainly not, if the people would it by an overwhelming majority. Even the stoutest defenders of the present system acknowledge that it needs wholesale reformation. For one thing, there are twice or thrice as many public-houses as are really needed,

and every superfluous one is an unjustifiable temptation to thirsty souls. Then, the intoxicants sold are, in too many instances, deleterious to health, especially the spirits, heavily laden with fusel oil. But both of these evils could be rectified by a more stringent code; the smaller the number of publicans, the better they could afford to deal fairly with their customers. A public-house ought to be something better than a mere drinking-den—its usual function nowadays. It should contain reasonable accommodation where a working man could sit and chat with his fellows over a modest pint or two, instead of having to drain off his glass at the counter and make room for another. No doubt this would considerably trench upon the profits, and many of the high and mighty publicans would probably retire from business in disgust, and start as country gentlemen. That would not be much loss, perhaps; it is these magnates of the trade who stand in the way of all reform, and, were they to withdraw, better men might take their places. There is one point on which the new licensing system, whatever be its nature, cannot rule in a too arbitrary manner. This is, that no publican should carry on more than one house at a time, either in his own name or in those of other people.

**DEBATING THE ADDRESS.**—The prolongation of the desultory discussions of which the Address is made the excuse affords a practical gauge of the accentuation of partisan differences during recent years. During the recess honourable members may have figured on numerous platforms, and emitted floods of oratory, but they have not enjoyed the savage delight of standing face to face with their adversaries. Some optimists maintain that these Address deliverances act as a safety-valve, and, by permitting the vent of a quantity of frothy rhetoric, clear the way for subsequent genuine business. There may be some truth in this, but on the other hand they stir up evil passions, violent speeches or bitter personalities beget equally violent and bitter replies, so that the whole legislative atmosphere becomes charged with electricity. The two most noticeable points in the speeches thus far delivered are Mr. Parnell's attitude concerning the reform of Procedure, and the opinion of the House as to the working of the Crimes Act. Mr. Parnell sticks to the declaration which he made some weeks ago. So far from opposing the Government, he will help them in their efforts to muzzle the minority, with the cynical expectation that, "when the pendulum swings back," and the Gladstonians are once more in power, the same instrument will come in handy for muzzling the Tories. But the Government need not fear Mr. Parnell's craftiness, if their projected reforms are conceived in a genuinely impartial spirit. Their aim should be not to stifle legitimate discussion, but to prevent waste of time, and this object may be effected by certain simple alterations which ought to be satisfactory to men of all parties. As for the Crimes Act, it labours under the defect of punishing men of respectable private character for offences which to the popular mind do not seem like offences. "What was he put in chokery for?" says the average British workman, as ex-Lord Mayor Sullivan passed on his way to Hyde Park. "For publishing reports of suppressed meetings in his newspaper," replies an intelligent bystander. "Pore feller!" ejaculates the British workman, and forthwith sets down Mr. Balfour as a species of tyrant. A far more stringent and despotic Act, based on Mr. Gladstone's 1882 model, would have done the work of pacification quite as effectually, and would have caused far less misconception.

**ENGLAND, AUSTRIA, AND ITALY.**—There seems to be a general impression on the Continent that England has pledged herself to support Austria and Italy in the event of a war breaking out between those Powers and Russia. On this subject Sir J. Fergusson made a statement in the House of Commons on Tuesday, which was not quite so frank as might have been desired; still it is unlikely that Lord Salisbury has ventured to undertake any such obligation on behalf of his country. The Crown has still, theoretically, a right to form secret alliances either for offence or defence. But it has also, theoretically, a right to veto measures passed by both Houses of Parliament. Practically, both rights have ceased to exist. A war could not be carried on unless the House of Commons chose to vote the necessary supplies; and in these democratic times the House of Commons is quite capable of refusing to vote supplies for any object of which it disapproves. It is tolerably certain, therefore, that no Minister would be so rash as to sign Treaties which Parliament might afterwards effectually repudiate. It has been suggested that Lord Salisbury may have undertaken, if Austria and Italy should go to war with Russia, to propose that we should aid in the defence of the Italian and Austrian coasts, and to stand or fall by the decision of Parliament in the matter. This would be a perfectly Constitutional course; and the suggestion that he may have adopted it is certainly compatible with the general tenour of his speech on the opening night of the Session. On the other hand, it seems doubtful whether Austria and Italy would be particularly grateful to him for a promise which might prove to be of no practical importance. The truth is, there is so much difference of opinion among Englishmen about questions of foreign policy, that it is extremely hard—almost impossible, indeed—for a Prime Minister to form any kind of definite

plan with regard to more or less remote contingencies. Even the most powerful statesmen are compelled by the necessities of the case to regulate their action in accordance with what happens to be the dominant opinion or sentiment of the hour. This may not be a wholly satisfactory state of things, but it springs from the inevitable conditions of English political life, and foreign Powers are gradually learning that it must be taken into account.

**THE FORTIFICATIONS OF HERAT.**—Jingoism is, indeed, dead. Here we are with a Conservative Government in power, and yet the leading Conservative paper can announce Russian espionage at Herat in conspicuous type without producing the slightest excitement. What did the emissaries from the Trans-Caspian territory go to see at the famous Afghan fortress? Perhaps they were disguised as merchants, and carried out their spying without observation? Not at all; they appear to have let it be known that the object of their visit was to ascertain the nature of the recently constructed fortifications. They went away quite satisfied on that head, we are told. Their report states that "the ramparts and earthworks do not possess any great defensive value." From the technical nature of this criticism, it would appear that the emissaries must have been full-blown Russian officers, and not mere native news-writers. But what does their personality matter, after all? We believe, on the testimony of our own officers, that the "key of India," although by no means impregnable, could hold out sufficiently long to allow a relieving force to come up from Candahar. These Russian inspectors do not speak to the contrary, their criticism being quite compatible with that amount of defensiveness. It is reasonably probable, too, that the local military authorities, who transmitted the news to St. Petersburg, minimised the strength of Herat in the hope of tempting the Czar to make a snatch at it. At all events, since we are satisfied, the Ameer is satisfied, and our friend the enemy is satisfied, the exact degree of fortification is not of much importance. But what shall be said of the duplicity of Russia in showering courtesies on Captain Yate and his colleagues at the very time when she was trying to spy out weak places in the defences of Herat? It looks treacherous, no doubt, but where is the loss, after all? Our Commissioners will have seen something of the fighting strength of Russia in the Trans-Caspian territories by the time they reach that sea, and this will be a fair set-off for anything our rival's agents may have learnt at Herat. Looking at the matter all round, John Bull, it must be confessed, shows good sense by not giving way to Jingoism at news which, a few years ago, would have thrown him into convulsions.

**ENGLAND AND FRANCE IN THE PACIFIC.**—The text of the document defining the functions and powers of the Joint Anglo-French Naval Commission for the New Hebrides has now been published. It is to be hoped that this arrangement will tend for the future to prevent friction between the two nations—friction which, other inflammable elements being present, might lead to most serious consequences. Our experiences of Joint-Commissions in Egypt do not lead to very sanguine expectations, but the conditions of the two cases are quite unlike. Egypt is a fertile country of ancient civilisation, coveted more or less by all the Great European Powers, as the main highway to the East passes through it; whereas the New Hebrides are a group of tropical islands, unfit for the colonisation of white men, and of no exceptional fertility. There are only two points on which, as regards the New Hebrides, England is likely to have difficulties with France. There is, first, the convict question; and, secondly, the missionary question. We have pointed out, over and over again, that there is no feeling of jealousy against France either in England or in Australasia, provided she would colonise her Pacific possessions with reputable people; but there is a strong feeling against the extension of convictism, and every year, as Australasia grows stronger and more populous, will the objections to New Caledonia as a penal settlement become intensified. We have less fear that the French will venture on a similar experiment in the New Hebrides, simply because, as observed above, the climate is not one in which Frenchmen can work and thrive. More pressing really, perhaps, is the missionary difficulty. Here, of course, the *odium theologicum* comes in. The English Missions are Protestant, and they have generally been established long before the French had any foothold in these regions. On the other hand, the Roman Catholic Church, though snubbed by the French Republic at home, is petted in the colonies, because it is justly regarded as a valuable pioneer of French enterprise. Experience has already shown that, if the claims of Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries come into dispute, the French authorities will favour the former. If, however, we can avoid the Scylla of convictism and the Charybdis of missionary rivalry, the New Hebrides Joint-Commission may prove a success.

**MR. BLAINE.**—Americans have been much exercised by the withdrawal of Mr. Blaine from the Presidential contest. The apparent meaning of his sudden announcement is either that he has no hope of being elected President, or that he sincerely desires to escape from the worries of a struggle in the course of which he has so often been disappointed. These explanations, however, are by no means satisfactory to



all Americans. Mr. Blaine has the reputation of being the most astute of American politicians, and a good many of his countrymen are convinced that they have not heard the last of his candidature for the Presidency. It is possible that his letter to the Chairman of the Republican National Committee may stimulate the ardour of his supporters; and it is supposed that in that case he may easily be persuaded to resume the place from which he has for the present retired. If his letter expresses his real wish, we do not know that Americans have much reason to regret his decision. Mr. Cleveland has not fulfilled all the hopes of those who voted for him, but his intentions are acknowledged to be good, and he commands general respect. Mr. Blaine, on the other hand, has always been associated with those professional wire-pullers who have done so much to bring American politics into disrepute, and his election would undoubtedly throw formidable obstacles in the way of the establishment of a pure and thoroughly sound administrative system. So far as English opinion is concerned, it naturally tends to be in favour of Mr. Cleveland, for he has never sought in any way to embitter the relations between Great Britain and the United States; whereas Mr. Blaine has persistently encouraged the prejudices of those Irish voters whose interest in politics springs almost wholly from their hatred of England. If Mr. Blaine were President, it might be hard to maintain the friendship which now exists between the two great English-speaking communities.

**THE WRONG ARREST.**—It was certainly very dull-witted on the part of the police to capture Mr. Patrick O'Brien instead of Mr. Gilhooly. Rumour says that the blunder resulted from a practical joke played off on the force by an Irish humourist, who purposely put them on a false scent. That was a good enough bit of fun in these dull times, and the Irish members would have had the laugh altogether on their side if the matter had stopped there. But they must needs endeavour to prolong the joke by adding a breach of privilege sequel. This is much to be regretted; the Session does not promise to be over merry, and a hearty laugh at first starting might have paved the way for more. Instead of that, the House was treated to a serious debate, in which all the high legal authorities on one side flatly contradicted and ridiculed all the equally high legal authorities on the other. To the lay mind, it certainly does appear slightly ludicrous to conceive that a short-sighted or dense-witted policeman should render himself liable to unknown pains and penalties by inadvertently mistaking Jones, M.P., for Smith, M.P. Were such a thing to happen in the case of plain Mr. Jones and plain Mr. Smith, the blundering constable would be severely admonished, the police inspector would cheerily apologise, and the victim would walk off to have a hearty laugh over the affair with his friends. But so great is the divinity which hedges round a British legislator that if a mistake of the sort occurs in his case, the collective wisdom has to waste half a night in discussing what ought to be done. The only profitable result of the debate on Monday night was the clearing away of the popular error that a member of Parliament cannot be arrested during its sitting. Some of the Irish representatives apparently laboured under that delusion, and it is just as well, therefore, to have it made clear that Parliamentary privilege can only be claimed against civil process.

**RAILWAY-TICKET FRAUDS.**—Some of these acts of petty dishonesty are of a more venial character than others. For example, a man's conscience may exonerate him for travelling in a carriage of a superior class than that to which he is entitled by his ticket, on the ground (common enough at certain times of the day on our metropolitan lines) that there is not a seat to be had in the inferior class of carriage. It is a much worse offence for a man whose season-ticket expired months before, or who perhaps never owned one at all, to go on calmly muttering "Season" each time he passes the collector's barrier. Such a one, however, must endure many qualms and quakings of heart; and if at last he is found out, fined forty shillings and costs, and sees his name and address blazoned in the newspapers, he must surely feel that such a mean little game was scarcely worth the candle. We wonder what malefactors of this type, supposing that they are what are commonly called respectable people, are thought of, after being found out, by their private circle of friends and relatives. Are they presented with the cold shoulder? Does Paterfamilias politely inform the offender that he must cease to pay tender attentions to Anna Maria? If he is a shopkeeper, do his customers quietly boycott him, and purchase their wares at other establishments? Or is he simply regarded as an unlucky man who has had the misfortune to be detected? We will not venture to answer these questions; although it is to be feared that public morality about railway companies, as about umbrellas, inclines rather to leniency than to severity. But there can be no doubt about one thing, namely, that shareholders' dividends are distinctly impoverished by this kind of dishonesty.

**SCIENCE AND ART CLASSES.**—A good many people hear of the Science and Art Department only when it is attacked for its supposed extravagance and incompetence. Nevertheless, its work is well worthy of attention; and some legislators who lash themselves into fury about Coercion in Ireland, or the prohibition of meetings in Trafalgar Square,

might find more profitable employment in the study of the Calendar and General Directory which the Science and Art Department has just issued. From this document we learn that there are Science and Art classes in connection with 2,308 schools in the United Kingdom, and that in these schools Science is taught to 104,821 students, Art to 73,378. This is surely a very satisfactory result, even if we admit that the Science and Art Department might be more economical and efficient than it actually is. In these classes much of the best educational work of the present age is being done, for care is taken that the teachers shall be thoroughly competent for their duties. No one who knows what he is talking about would say that literature ought to be neglected in our educational system. Even boys and girls who cannot be taught to appreciate great writers should at least learn how to express themselves correctly, clearly, and effectively; and that can be done only if a high place is given to literary study in the school course. But literature appeals only to one set of intellectual powers, and there can be no reason why the study of it should not be associated in all cases with scientific, and in some cases with artistic, training. The object is not only to produce artists and men of science, but to open to ordinary men and women new sources of refined and enduring pleasure, and to fit them more thoroughly for any kind of work they may have to do. This object the Science and Art Department, with all its defects, keeps steadily in view; and it deserves more credit than it receives for the results it has actually accomplished.

**INSANITARY DWELLINGS.**—Occasionally some query is put to Ministers in the House of Commons which stands out like a verdant oasis amid the arid desolation of "question time." Mr. Thorburn created one of these bright spots the other night by asking whether the Government would introduce a measure compelling house-owners to have a periodical inspection of their dwellings. In this shape the proposal is, no doubt, extremely crude: it provides no guarantee against perfunctoriness of inspection, or against the subtle operation of "chicken and champagne." But it nevertheless contains the germ of an excellent idea. Assuming—the assumption may be rather large—that it is in the power of the State to secure a body of sanitary experts who could be trusted to do the work without partiality, favour, or affection, every householder will recognise the immensity of the resulting comfort. No longer would he be tortured by ideas of untrapped pipes, uncemented joints, or other insanitary terrors. A sore throat in the family would never again conjure up an awful vision of the sewer-gas fiend on the rampage. Any thoughts of that sort would be at once suppressed by a pleasant recollection of the sanitary officer's last report. So mote it be! But so it will not be just yet awhile. Mr. Ritchie deeply regretted that the Government have too much work on hand to admit of their undertaking household sanitation. The excuse is valid: for the present Session Ministerial time is fully taken up beforehand with the programme marked out in the Queen's Speech. All the same, thanks are due to Mr. Thorburn for broaching the idea that, inasmuch as it is the duty of the State to take general supervision of the national health, it is bound to take some cognisance of the dwellings in which people live. In an ideally-governed country every house would be searchingly inspected by a qualified official before it was allowed to be let; but the world will have to grow some centuries older before the boldest sanitary reformer will venture to propose that tyrannical regulation in free England.

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TO LITERARY CONTRIBUTORS.—In order to save trouble and disappointment the Editor begs to state that he has already on hand an ample supply of both LONG and SHORT STORIES for a considerable time to come.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "SCENES on the ROAD in the OLD COACHING DAYS," I.



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A FARMER—COUNTY GALWAY



WHISKY



"MOTHER ALICE"



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## THE SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION

THE Sportsman's Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall contains an interesting show of weapons, ranging from a huge duck punt gun to the lightest of fly rods, of canoes and punts, of light shooting carts and gigs, and of tents and equipments for sporting expeditions. Our illustrations include some of the most noticeable exhibits. For a long time past the shoeing of our horses has admittedly not been what it should be, and various suggestions have been made at various times of improved methods, none of which, however, have held their own. One of the latest, the "Rational," or "Improved Charlier," is exhibited at the show by Messrs. South and Son. On this principle the hoof is left entirely in its natural condition, as far as the frog, sole, and walls are concerned, while a narrow rim of steel no thicker than the wall is embedded around the lower circumference of the hoof, or half way, according to the condition of the foot. In cases where the heels are weak the former, but where there is a plentiful supply of horn the latter, method is preferable. The shoe is nailed to the hoof in the ordinary manner, and the horse can be easily shod in his own stable. When the shoe is attached to the foot, a portion of the sole and bars, and the whole of the frog meet the ground, as in the unshod state, and it is claimed that horses thus shod have travelled well over all kinds of uneven, stony ground, as if the whole of the foot had been armed with leather. Roughing also can be dispensed with, as slipping is made impossible. Another sketch shows the "clay pigeons" with which humanitarians are now wont to replace the live bird in shooting matches, and which, well shot up from a trap, make an excellent substitute. Our readers may have seen Miss Annie Oakley potting these circular fowls at the Wild West Show last year. The "Road Sculler" is the latest form of tricycle, and is worked by the arms instead of the legs, the action being almost identical with that adopted by a man in rowing. The machine, which is exhibited by the Rudge Cycle Company, of Coventry, is steered by the rider's feet acting upon the front wheel, which is carried well to the front. The rider sits on a sculler's sliding-seat below the axle-tree, his head just coming above the rims of the large wheels. These are driven by a ratchet and pawl arrangement by means of a wire cord, and the handles run upon two long guides which form an integral part of the frame. There is a powerful brake, and ten miles are said to have been "rowed" in thirty-nine minutes. There is one advantageous dissimilarity in the machine to a boat—the oarsman looks the way he is going. Our other illustrations explain themselves. The Kennel Club held their thirtieth exhibition of sporting and other dogs in the same building during the week. More than 1,500 dogs were exhibited, and the animals were fully up to their excellent average, particularly in the mastiff, bulldog, fox-terrier, and St. Bernard classes.

## THE NOTTINGHAM HORSE SHOW

THE First Show of Thoroughbred Stallions held under the joint auspices of the Royal Agricultural Society and of the Royal Commission on Horse Breeding, was held in Nottingham last week. The Royal Agricultural Society offered five premiums of 200l., together with gold medals; while the Royal Commission offered

twenty-two premiums of 200l. For these premiums, which will now be given yearly, England and Wales have been mapped out into seven districts—three premiums being allotted to each, save in the case of the district where the Show was held, which is awarded the five given by the Royal Agricultural Society. Four premiums are allotted to Scotland. The conditions are that the horses should be adjudged fit to be the sires of hunters, saddle-horses, &c., and that each horse awarded a premium may be made use of by the Commission for fifty mares, at a fee not exceeding 2l. There were 105 entries—the largest number of thoroughbred stallions ever brought together at a single Show, and the exhibition excited the greatest possible interest, much the curiosity being shown as to the result of the experiment. Of the twenty-seven awards, much disappointment was expressed that none were given to Scotland, owing to the whole of the twelve animals entered by exhibitors over the Border being disqualified for unsoundness. Three other premiums were withheld for the same reason, and the Royal Commission have accordingly an extra sum of 1,200l. at their disposal. Amongst the successful horses were several which had already won high honours. The Show was well attended, especially on the shilling day, and a grand parade of the successful stallions was held at the close. Next year the Show will be held at Windsor.

## STUDIES FROM LIFE IN IRELAND, I.

1. "A COTTAGE MEETING."—The host is announcing his intention of carving up all landlords, members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, the British Government in general, and Mr. Balfour in particular. His speech is received with cheers, hoots, the beating of trays, fire-irons, kettles, and any other instruments, musical or otherwise, that happen to be handy.

2. "A MEMBER OF A LEAGUE BAND."—Always willing to show his accomplishments, this sturdy musician played to us for an hour on a cornet, which, by the look of it, had seen many a battle between the police and its holder. His face while playing being such a study, our artist took out his notebook, with the result shown. We begged the musician to stop playing after about half-an-hour of the "Minstrel Boy," but being afraid of spoiling his "picture, which was being took," he continued, until we expected to see him every moment burst a blood vessel.

3. "MOTHER ALICE."—"Mother Alice," by profession a beggar, is a well-known character in her town. She spends her time sitting on the kerbstone in the market-place, alternately cracking jokes and begging from the passers-by. If her blessings are worth anything, we—that is, the artist and myself—ought to live long and die happy, for she showered benedictions on us every time we met, and even came to see us off at the railway station when we left. "Mother Alice" has the reputation of being the correspondent of a newspaper in Tuam, as articles appear signed in her name. Although she cannot write, when any local event takes place she sallies forth, armed with a notebook and pencil, and pretends to take voluminous memoranda.

4. "WHISKY."—Fortunately one does not meet in Ireland many types like the one whose portrait we have here. The poor wretch was in a state of starvation, his bones were nearly protruding through his skin, his arms were more like pieces of wood covered with parchment than flesh and blood, and altogether he was the most deplorable object we had ever seen.

5. "A FARMER."—Big, burly, and good-humoured, this is a splendid specimen of an Irish farmer. His clothes are made of the grey frieze so common in the south-west. One wonders why such excellent material is not more worn elsewhere, as it is all made of wool by the peasants themselves, and lasts for an indefinite period. These old-fashioned knee-breeches and gaiters are gradually decreasing; it is only quite in the country districts that one meets with them now.

## SOME ADVENTURES OF A NEW M.P.—DESCRIBED BY HIMSELF

"As you are aware, the result of the poll was declared somewhat earlier than we expected, and tearing myself away from my enthusiastic supporters I made a rush to present myself to the House, to which I had been elected by an overwhelming majority. An ardent, if humble representative (you know my politics, so I will not enlarge on them here), I found that I could catch a train that would land me in town long before there was a probability of the House being 'up,' and I lost no time. I arrived with the chorus of my electors' cheers still ringing in my ears, and in an absent moment (you know how short-sighted I am) I mistook the hall porter for some higher functionary.

"Judge of my disappointment when I discovered that the writ of my return had not yet arrived, and I had to content myself with a back seat 'below the bar,' but many of our party hastened to offer me their congratulations, which somewhat soothed me. It was the following day before I was formally introduced, and I must say my reception was most flattering, though perhaps one-sided. I duly took the oath, signed the roll, shook hands with the Speaker (who was most gracious), and also with our noble Leader.

"It was soon notified to me that I was expected to speak on the all-absorbing question of the day, and I accordingly assiduously prepared, and duly delivered, my maiden speech, which was received, you will be delighted to hear, with impressive silence by an appreciative, if somewhat thin House. The congratulations which I received afterwards in the dining-room were most gratifying.—I enclose a few sketches, hoping you may be able to find space for them in your valuable paper, and sign myself, yours in haste,

"NEW M.P."

## MR. M. W. MATTINSON, M.P.

MR. MILES WALKER MATTINSON was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, December 26th, 1854. He was educated with the object of being called to the Bar, was admitted a member of Gray's Inn in 1874, obtained sundry honours, and, in 1877, was elected First Arden Fellow of Gray's Inn, and called to the Bar. He immediately obtained practice on the Northern Circuit. In October, 1886, he was appointed Recorder of Blackburn. Thrice Mr. Mattinson, in the Conservative interest, strove to get into Parliament without success, namely, once at Carlisle, and twice at the Dumfries Burghs. However, when last month Mr. J. G. Gibson, Q.C., was elevated to the Irish Judicial Bench, a vacancy occurred for the Walton Division of Liverpool, and Mr. Mattinson had a walk over, both the Gladstonian and the Labour candidates being scratched. In April, 1879, Mr. Mattinson married Lizzie, daughter of the late Mr. Mark Dearden, of Manchester.—Our portrait is from an unsigned photograph.

## MRS. MARY HOWITT,

WHOSE maiden name was Botham, was the daughter of a prosperous Quaker at Uttoxeter, and was born in 1799. Her mother was of Huguenot origin. In 1823 she married William Howitt, and began the career of joint authorship which made their names sound pleasantly in the ears of a wide circle of readers. Eleven years afterwards Mrs. Howitt issued a dramatic poem entitled "The Seven Temptations," and a tale named "Wood Leighton" followed. She also wrote largely for young people. While in Germany with her husband, she translated several books from the Swedish and Danish, and practically introduced Frederica Bremer to English readers. In collaboration with her husband, she produced "The Literature and Romance of Northern Europe." On his return from

Australia they settled in Highgate, and resumed their literary labours. In 1872 they settled in Italy. In 1879 Mr. Howitt died of bronchitis at Rome, and his widow passed away nine years later (on January 30th) in the same city, and of the same malady. Some time before her death Mrs. Howitt had joined the Roman Catholic Church. Five years ago she lost her eldest daughter, Mrs. A. A. Watts, the accomplished author of "An Art Student at Munich." The brave old lady, however, did not drop her pen, and even last year she contributed to *Good Words*. A correspondent of the *Times* adds the following items concerning Mary Howitt:—"She was an indefatigable worker, and had many occupations besides her writing. Their house in Avenue Road was for many years a choice literary meeting-place. She was a careful and energetic mistress of her household, the mother of many children. Her domestic duties were little interrupted by her literary work. She had no special room of her own, but wrote in the drawing-room, open to all comers. She often wrote late into the night to make up time, without suffering either in health or spirits. Her rare physical strength and a most pliant temper preserved her in almost unabated enjoyment of life to the verge of ninety."—Our portrait is from a photograph by H. von Perckhammer, Meran, Tyrol.

## SIR HENRY MAINE

IN our "Topics" last week we noted some characteristics of Sir Henry Maine's career. He was the son of a medical man, Dr. James Maine, was born in 1822, and was educated at Christ's Hospital and Cambridge, where he had an exceptionally brilliant career. He was for two years Tutor at Trinity Hall, then became Regius Professor of Civil Law, and then Reader in Jurisprudence at the Middle Temple. In 1862 he went out to India as Legal Member of the Council, and the tropical climate benefited his health, which had always been delicate. On his return home he was appointed a Member of the Indian Council in London, and was also elected to the newly-created Corpus Professorship of Jurisprudence in the University of Oxford, where his lectures attracted much attention. He had a powerful voice, a clear utterance, a dignified presence, and a remarkable gift of emphasis. In 1877 he was elected Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, but his Indian Council duties compelled him to live mostly in London. Sir Henry was a frequent contributor to periodical literature, especially in the *Times* and in the *Quarterly* and *Saturday Reviews*. His book on "Ancient Law" attracted great attention. It was subsequently followed by essays on "Roman Law" and "Popular Government." In 1849 he married his cousin, the daughter of Mr. George Maine, of Kelson, Roxburghshire. They had three children, a daughter who died young, and two sons who survive. Sir Henry died rather suddenly on February 3rd, from an attack of apoplexy, at Cannes, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Stearn, 72, Bridge Street, Cambridge.

## ARREST OF IRISH M.P.'S IN LONDON

MR. JASPER DOUGLAS PYNE, M.P., who has been for some time "on the run," having evaded arrest partly by shutting himself up in Lisfinny Castle, where he used to be let down and drawn up by a rope, and partly by living in seclusion at Brighton and elsewhere, was arrested in London on Friday, at the Clock Tower Entrance of the House of Commons, just as he was leaving a cab. He struggled to get within the precincts of the House, but was pushed back, and arrested. The warrant charged him with unlawful assemblage at Kilmacthomas, County Waterford, in November last. On his arrival in Ireland he was remanded to the Petty Sessions at Kilmacthomas, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. Notice of appeal was given.

Mr. Gilhooly, for whom Mr. Patrick O'Brien had previously been arrested by mistake, was also taken on Friday night, as he came out of the House of Commons, at 11.20 P.M., attended by a body-guard of about a hundred Radical and Irish members. The warrant being read recited that Mr. Gilhooly had incurred intimidation at Schull. He has since been lodged in Cork County Gaol, being remanded to Schull Petty Sessions on March 2nd.

## PRINCE OSCAR OF SWEDEN AND HIS BETROTHED

A ROMANCE in Royal life in this prosaic and matter-of-fact age is a refreshing novelty, for though we hear of numerous love matches in Court circles, such, for instance, as the marriage of the late King Alfonso of Spain and the ill-fated Queen Mercedes, both personages concerned are invariably of Royal blood. Prince Oscar of Sweden, the second son of the King, has consequently excited much interest by his determination to marry one of her father's subjects, Miss Ebba Munck, the daughter of a Swedish Colonel of noble family. Miss Munck was a Maid of Honour to his sister-in-law, the Crown Princess of Sweden, when Prince Oscar, returning from a two years' voyage, saw and loved her. For a long time Miss Munck firmly declined to listen to his suit, and ultimately left the Court and became a nurse in the Stockholm Hospital. Prince Oscar, however, was not to be denied, and, finding that his affection was returned, obtained the Queen's consent to their union, and finally overcame the objections of the lady herself. The King's sanction was more difficult to gain, but this was ultimately attained through the Queen's intervention, and on Sunday, December 30, the ceremony of betrothal took place in full state in the Royal Palace, his Majesty proposing his son's health, and congratulating him on the step he was about to take. By the Swedish Constitution, Prince Oscar, in marrying out of the Royal circle, will forfeit not only all rights to the throne, but his title of Royal Highness and Duke of Gothland, his yearly parliamentary allowance, and his Stockholm palace, being henceforward styled Prince Bernadotte. He will, of course, retain his rank as Commander in the Swedish Navy, as he has earned this by his naval service. After the marriage Prince Oscar and his wife will reside at the naval station of Karlskrona, Sweden. Prince Oscar was born on November 15, 1859, and is about a year younger than his fiancée, who is stated to be remarkably handsome and accomplished. The marriage is to take place next month at Bournemouth, and Prince Oscar and Miss Munck are at present in this country with the Queen of Sweden. On Monday the Prince opened the "Scandinavian Sailors' Temperance Home," near the West India Docks, and met with an enthusiastic reception. In declaring the Home open the Prince made a brief appropriate speech, and this was responded to by Mr. D. Carnegie, who remarked on the popular farewell accorded to the Prince and his bride. When leaving Sweden they were escorted at their departure by a multitude numbering at least 20,000, who cheered them most enthusiastically. Mr. Carnegie accordingly called for cheers "which should be an echo to the most heartily."—Our portraits are from photographs:—That of the Prince by Selma Jacobsson, 15, Fredsgatan, Stockholm; and that of Miss Munck by Gosta Florman, 28A, Regeringsgatan, Stockholm.

## THE RESTORATION OF USIBEPU

USIBEPU, Cetewayo's half-brother, who has recently been reinstated in the territory accorded to him by Lord Wolseley, from which he was driven by Dinizulu and the Boers, was one of Cetewayo's bravest chieftains. Although he fought gallantly against our forces in the Zulu War, he has since been avowedly the most loyal to the Crown of all the Zulu chiefs. Moreover, he is recognised by the Zulus as by far the most formidable military leader of all Cetewayo's warriors, being described and regarded as a "hawk poised in the air ready to pounce in an instant upon any object of prey." He is



considered to be a particularly shrewd and sagacious man amongst a proverbially sagacious people, and consequently to realise that his only chance of retaining power is to remain faithful to British rule. His restoration is stated to have had a marked influence upon the native mind in Northern Zululand—cheerful obedience having taken the place of sullen disaffection. His re-instatement is generally regarded as an act not only of justice but of a good policy on the part of the authorities, he being regarded as a very poor opinion in the hands of others. Our illustration is from a sketch made by Major-General H. G. Robley, who writes:—"Usibepu is a dark, big man, with large, lustrous eyes, and of a noble character, much liked by all, even by the Boers, who drove him out of the country. My portrait is from life, and the scenery represents the country on the way to Cetewayo's grave in the Indkankla forest, where gold has recently been found near Isuzi." This property, we may add, is owned by a number of Dundee men, and some rich samples of quartz have been shown as having come from the district.

#### TULLAMORE GAOL

It will be remembered that when Mr. William O'Brien was confined last November under the Crimes Act, it was decided to transfer him to Tullamore Gaol. Since then this gaol has acquired quite a historical celebrity as the abiding-place of numerous *détenus* whom their friends insist on regarding as political prisoners. Among them was Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. Tullamore is a district gaol, and is situated in King's County, on the road between Dublin and Galway. The Governor is Captain Fetherstonhaugh, the medical officer Dr. Ridley, and two of the Visiting Justices inspect the gaol weekly. Although at the time a great outcry was made by Mr. O'Brien and his friends about the hardship of his imprisonment, trustworthy evidence shows that during his incarceration he was treated with as much consideration as was possible without infringing the official rules. Readers may here be reminded that the scale of dietary for prisoners in Ireland is far more generous than in England. The cell in which Mr. O'Brien was confined was one of the ordinary cells on the third floor of the gaol. It was 18 feet long by 6 feet wide, and 11 feet high in the highest part. Running along one side of the wall was the plank bed, the discomforts of which were mitigated by Mr. O'Brien's case by a mattress, a frieze great coat, and a couple of good Irish blankets. The cell was sufficiently well warmed with hot-water pipes.

#### FISCAL REFORM MEETING AT BIRMINGHAM

MR. FREDERICK BLOOD, whose portrait appears in our group, gives the following account of the origin of the Fair Trade movement in the Midland metropolis. "In 1879, Mr. James Gething, of this town, brought me a pamphlet written by a working-man, an electro-plater, named H. J. Pettifer, showing the injustice of allowing foreigners to bring their manufactures into this country duty free, while they, by means of high or prohibitive duties, seek to exclude our products as much as possible. I was so much struck by Mr. Pettifer's arguments, that I induced him to write a larger and more comprehensive pamphlet, of which 45,000 copies were distributed, and a petition, signed by 65,000 persons, was also presented to Parliament by Mr. P. H. Muntz, one of the members for Birmingham. Gradually the movement spread, a branch of the Fair Trade League has recently been established in Birmingham, and nearly all the Conservatives in the town have become convinced of the impolicy and injustice of the present system; while the Liberals, especially those who have an open mind on the question, are anxious to hear what we have to say, so that we are quite sanguine that the majority of the electors will, at the next general election, be prepared to support those candidates who advocate a reversal of the existing Free Trade policy; and, in spite of the active hostility of the leaders of the Conservative party, it is probable that the 'Oxford Vote' of last November has brought the Fair Trade question within the range of practical politics."

The practical outcome of this persistent agitation was that, on the night of January 31st, although the weather was snowy and inclement, two thousand persons assembled in the historic Town Hall to hear a Fair Trade address from the same platform which formerly resounded to the Free Trade eloquence of Villiers, Bright, and Cobden. Mr. Howard Vincent was supported by Mr. S. Cunliffe Lister, High Sheriff of Yorkshire, as representing manufactures, and Mr. C. W. Gray, M.P., as representing agriculture. Mr. Henry Hawkes occupied the chair. After a powerful address by Mr. Vincent, a resolution to the effect that the depression of trade and of agriculture and the increasing scarcity of employment were largely due to unfair foreign competition was proposed by Mr. Ralph Heaton and seconded by Mr. Lawrence C. Tipper. The resolution was also supported by Mr. S. Cunliffe Lister and Mr. C. W. Gray, M.P., and was finally carried amid loud applause, with about sixty dissentients. We offer no opinion here as to whether the Fair Traders are right or wrong in their views, but one thing is certain, a great change has come over public opinion, and this is proved by the fact that less than ten years ago such a meeting as this, open to all comers, would have been impossible in Birmingham, so unswerving then was the belief in the Free Trade gospel.

#### SKETCHES ON THE ROAD IN THE OLD COACHING DAYS, I.

See page 178.

#### "THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE"

A NEW STORY by James Payn, illustrated by George Du Maurier, is continued on page 173.

#### THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER DAUGHTERS AT THE BROMPTON HOSPITAL

OUR double-page engraving is from a sketch taken on the spot by one of our artists, and illustrates a private visit paid, with characteristic sympathy and kindness, by the Princess of Wales to the Brompton Hospital last year. Her Royal Highness, with the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, graciously took part in a concert to the patients and nurses, in which they were assisted by the Hon. Mrs. North Dalrymple, Miss Don, Miss Knollys, an Miss May Liddell, and Colonel the Hon. Oliver Montagu. An attractive programme of vocal and instrumental music was gone through, the playing of the Princess and her daughters evidently affording great gratification to the invalids, who were most heartily in their applause. The Princess, in addition to playing duets with her daughters, Miss Knollys, and the Hon. Mrs. North Dalrymple, her kindly accompanied the various songs. After the concert, Her Royal Highness, accompanied by the lift to the "Alexandra Gallery," and having, with touching solicitude, brought with her a quantity of flowers for that purpose, distributed them with her own hands to the patients, a task in which she was assisted by the young Princesses. Her Royal Highness afterwards visited the various wards in which were invalids confined to bed, and to them flowers were also given, accompanied by kind and cheering words to the sufferers. The two galleries above, allotted to the male patients, were then visited in like manner. After a stay of about two hours and a half, the Princess and party left the building, Her Royal Highness, graciously expressing to Mr. T. P. Beckwith, the Chairman, the pleasure her visit to the Hospital had given her. Her Majesty, as also the Prince and Princess of Wales are patrons of this hospital, which has done much excellent work in relieving invalids suffering

from consumption. The institution is unendowed, and wholly dependent on voluntary contributions, the expenditure being 10,000l. a year beyond the more or less permanent income. Mr. Henry Dobbins is the Secretary.



**POLITICAL ITEMS.**—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach having accepted, in succession to Lord Stanley of Preston, the Presidency of the Board of Trade, has issued a brief address to the electors of West Bristol, informing them of his return to office with the restoration of his health, and soliciting a renewal of their confidence. The nomination is fixed for Monday, and no opposition is expected, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's majority at the last election having been more than 2,000.—In a pithy letter to a correspondent, who lamented his refusal to accept Mr. Gladstone's Separatist policy, Mr. Bright thus turns the tables on his critic:—"It is said Mr. Gladstone's Irish bills are dead. Then what are we contending for? Has he still the old bills in his pocket, or has he new ones? If new ones, why not bring them before Parliament or the public for discussion? . . . If Mr. Gladstone has made so grievous a blunder, less than two years ago, in measures which are now universally condemned, how dare you trust him further in that which he studiously conceals from Parliament and the country?"—Lord Granville, at a house dinner of the National Liberal Club, varied the monotony of Separatist oratory by making an ironical speech against Home Rule, which was intended to be a *reductio ad absurdum* of Unionist ratiocination.—The demonstration on Monday, to welcome to London Mr. T. D. Sullivan and other Irish M.P.'s, recently liberated from prison, was on a large scale, and skillfully organised. It went off very quietly, and indeed languidly, through its various stages—a long procession from Euston Square Station, a mass-meeting in Hyde Park, and an evening banquet. Professor Stuart was the presiding English M.P., and the chief orator was Mr. Sullivan, who seemed purposely to avoid personal vituperation at the banquet, going the length of admitting that Irishmen had said in moments of heat and excitement what they would not have said in calmer moments.—The Hon. Henry Wentworth Fitzwilliam, son of Earl Fitzwilliam, is Liberal Unionist candidate for the seat in the Doncaster division of the West Riding, vacant through the resignation of Mr. W. S. Shirley (G.), with whom he contested it at the last General Election, receiving 4,792 votes to Mr. Shirley's 5,060. Now, as then, Mr. Fitzwilliam's candidature is warmly supported by the Conservatives of the division. The Gladstonian candidate is Mr. Jabez G. Balfour, who was the first Mayor of Croydon, and unsuccessfully contested Walworth last year. The election takes place on Thursday next, the 23rd instant.—To-day (Saturday) will be decided the election for West Edinburgh, when Mr. Buchanan, originally a Liberal Unionist, resigned his seat on his perversion to Separatism, but stands again, and is opposed by Mr. Raleigh, who, though an advanced Liberal, is, as a Unionist, being loyally supported by the Conservatives.—On Wednesday Sir George Trevelyan spoke at Edinburgh in support of Mr. Buchanan's candidature.

**LORD BRASSEY** read an interesting paper on his "Recent Impressions in Australia" before the Royal Colonial Institute on Tuesday, Lord Dunraven presiding. He spoke highly of the general condition and prospects of the Australian colonies. If, he said, the demand for labour is fully supplied in the cities, the vacant space in the interior is practically illimitable. Western Australia, with a population equal to that of Dover, is eighteen times as large as England. The price, however, which its Government charges for an acre of land (10s.) seemed heavy, Lord Brassey thought, compared with the advantages offered to emigrants by Canada and the United States.

**IRELAND.**—At Waterford, on Wednesday, Mr. Douglas Pyne, M.P., was sentenced to three months' imprisonment without hard labour for inciting to non-payment of rent. Having appealed and been liberated on bail he was immediately arrested on another charge of the same kind.—The Mayor of Cork has been convicted under the Crimes Act of assaulting a police-sergeant who, on the 17th of January, was endeavouring to check the disorderly proceedings of a riotous crowd in that city. The Mayor seized him, dragged him for forty yards along the foot-path, the mob kicking him and cheering, and ordered three policemen to arrest him, renewing, when they refused, the former violent treatment. The Court sentenced the Mayor to fourteen days' imprisonment without hard labour, and refused applications for an increase of the sentence and for stating a case, which were made in order to allow an appeal. He was removed under a strong escort to the county gaol, the mob stoning the police along the route.—At this week's meeting in Dublin of the National League, Mr. W. Redmond, M.P., made the astounding statement that to his own knowledge, in his own constituency, the Protestants in two cases had wrecked their own churches in order that they might wire to England something about Catholic intolerance.

**THE RATEPAYERS** of the parish of St. Mary, Newington, have, by 4,314 votes to 3,601, refused to adopt the Free Public Libraries Act. Little more than half of the ratepayers seem to have voted.

**THE PERSONAL ESTATE** left by the late Lord Wolverton is of the enormous value of 1,820,000l.

**OUR OBITUARY** records the death, in her eighty-third year, of the Hon. Lady Scarlett; in his sixty-sixth year, of Major-General Augustus Prichard, late Madras Staff Corps; in his eighty-fourth year, of the Ven. John Wynne-Jones, late Archdeacon of Bangor; in his forty-ninth year, of the Rev. Francis Staunton, of Staunton Hall, described as the head of one of the oldest families in Nottinghamshire; of Mr. Archibald Murray, for many years Clerk of the Petty Bag, an office which was worth 800l. a year, and is abolished with his demise; in his thirtieth year, of Mr. Sidney A. Bragg, proprietor of the *Somerset County Herald*; of Mr. J. D. Sheriff, who had been in the service of the Great Western Railway Company for nearly half a century, and superintended the construction of the Box Tunnel; of Mr. J. H. Walsh ("Stonehenge"), of whom a brief memoir is given in "Pastimes"; and of Lady Marian Alford, sister of the Marquess of Northampton, and mother of Earl Brownlow, a lady who actively promoted both the higher education of women and their industrial employment, especially by the establishment of the School of Art Needlework. She was authoress of the beautifully illustrated and standard work, "Needlework as Art," published in 1885.

**THE STRICT RULES** OF ROYAL MARRIAGES are certainly being relaxed. After the Swedish Royal romance, the younger members of the Russian Imperial family are now to be allowed a free choice of brides and bridegrooms in an inferior station to their own. The Czar has commanded that the laws concerning Russian Royal alliances shall be remodelled, with the result that the younger branches of the Imperial House will be permitted to contract morganatic unions on renouncing certain privileges, and part of their income.



EX-PRESIDENT GRÉVY is said to be writing his memoirs.

A PLAY BY KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN will shortly be brought out at the Berlin Residenz Theatre—a one-act piece called *Castle Kronburg*.

THE REMAINS recently disinterred at Canterbury Cathedral have been re-buried on the spot where they were found. A considerable number of antiquarian authorities believe them to have been the bones of Thomas à Becket.

ARTISTIC AND LITERARY FRIDAY EVENING TEAS are now being given by Lord and Lady Lytton at the British Embassy in Paris. The guests include well known writers, painters, and scientific men, while politics are rigidly excluded from the conversation.

MR. MONTAGUE KERR'S EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL AFRICA has been checked at the very outset. Mr. Kerr had hired his carriers, completed all arrangements, and was ready to start from Mombassa, when he was seized with a violent attack of fever. His illness proved so long and serious that he has been obliged to go to Egypt to recruit his health.

THE BOOT AND SHOE ETIQUETTE IN INDIA sorely perplexes native officials on ceremonial occasions. In the Mofussil it is customary for all native Government officials to take off their native shoes before entering the presence of their superior, but if they wear English boots no such change is required. When the Governor of Bombay lately held a *levée* at Ahmedabad a number of Hindoo officials clubbed together to buy a pair of English boots, so as to avoid the indignity of appearing before His Excellency with bare feet. Each took it in turn to wear the boots as he was presented to the Governor, and no small amusement was created outside the *levée*-room by the officials' rushing backwards and forwards to exchange the solitary pair of boots with the next-comer.

POPULAR EDUCATION AND AMUSEMENT in Preston are well cared for by the bequest of a late fellow-townsmen, Mr. E. R. Harris, whose legacies to the town have now been finally arranged to the amount of 285,000l. The chief item is the endowment of the Harris Free Library and Museum, standing on a site given by the Corporation, and which will be opened either at the end of this year or the beginning of next. This Museum will also house the bequest of another Prestonian, Mr. R. Newsham, a collection of pictures and curios worth 30,000l. A School of Art, Science, and Literature will further be endowed from the Harris bequest, as well as a Victoria Jubilee Technical School, while a Popular Institute and an Orphanage providing for eighty boys and girls are already in existence.

AN ELABORATE CULINARY EXHIBITION is now open in Paris—the annual display of French *charcuterie*. Hams, tongues, galantines of every description, brawn, and numerous tasty concoctions of pork, veal, and jelly, game compounds, pasties, &c., appear in curious shapes, and loaded with ornaments in wax or lard. There are models of the old Bastille in brawn, a shape of savoury jelly representing the Trocadero, elegant lard vases supporting tempting pasties, bouquets of flowers formed out of fat; but the gold medal is carried off by a centre-piece executed by a young *charcutier* of twenty. He represents a perfect landscape in lard, including a hunting scene—horses, dogs, and hunters complete; a flock of sheep, browsing peacefully; and then a railway train emerging from a tunnel, and drawing a cargo of delicious pies of all kinds.

ART CIRCLES IN PARIS are especially busy just now. One of the most important minor winter exhibitions—that of the Cercle de l'Union Artistique, popularly known as the "Mirlitons"—has just opened, and is a capital collection. Portraits and *genre* pictures predominate. M. Carolus Duran has two portraits here, as at the rival Cercle Volney—a likeness of Alphonse Karr, and one of a child in page's costume; but the palm is carried off by M. Cabanel's pair, which are only criticised as too flattering to the originals. MM. Detaille and Morot supply the inevitable military element, while M. Gérôme's Cairene scene is a very gorgeous piece of painting. This week President Carnot opened the new Artists' Portrait Gallery at the Louvre, which however is only in a temporary home at present, and probably will be transferred eventually to the gallery where the Crown Jewels were lately shown. The Louvre, by the way, has recently acquired some fine examples of modern French artists, like "Le Desert," by the late Gustave Guillaumet, presented by his heirs, and Millet's "Le Printemps," showing a country landscape after a rain-storm, with some beautiful cloud effects. The next art-novelty will be the opening of the Lady Artists' display next Thursday, while Independent Artists follow on March 22. Glimpses of the coming Salon pictures are also to be caught, chiefly the portraits of celebrities of the day. Of course President Carnot will appear, represented by the brush of M. Adolphe Yvon; M. Pasteur and Mr. W. R. Vanderbilt will be sent by M. Carolus Duran; M. Jules Ferry by M. Bonnat; M. Jules Claretie, the writer, by M. Févier; M. Mounet-Sully, the actor, by M. J. P. Laurens; and two American ladies by M. Cabanel. Of more romantic themes, M. Bouguereau will have a "Bather" and "The First Sorrow," while Madame Sarah Bernhardt intends to contribute a statuette of Eros, to be matched by a Psyche from M. Mercier. Then come the preparations for the Fine Art Section of the grand Exhibition next year, where artists may send works executed at any time during the last ten years, each exhibitor being at liberty to hang ten. Artists must, however, present a description of the works they wish to exhibit to the Exhibition Committee this May in readiness. Speaking of the Exhibition, a host of interesting annexes will be housed on the Invalides Esplanade. Thus the "Social Economy" section will include a library, recreation-room, and types of the industrial dwellings of all countries. The "Military" annexe will be arranged like a camp, with fortifications, &c., and a collection of uniforms from the time of Louis XIV. Next door will be the "Hygienic" section, and finally the Colonial Exhibition, displaying a Hindoo pagoda, villages from the Congo, the Gaboon, and New Caledonia, a creole house from the Antilles, a Tonkinese settlement, a Cambodian and a Cochin Chinese palace, and a Mauresque palace as type of Algerian and Tunisian architecture.

LONDON MORTALITY declined last week, and 1,838 deaths were registered, against 1,894 during the previous seven days, a decrease of 56, being 176 below the average, and at the rate of 22.4 per 1,000. These deaths included 15 from measles (a fall of 3), 36 from scarlet fever (a fall of 2, and 5 above the average), 40 from diphtheria (a rise of 11), 154 from whooping-cough (a decline of 23), 12 from enteric fever (a fall of 14), 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 3), and not one from small-pox, typhus, or cholera. There were 1,453 scarlet fever patients in the Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals at the close of last week, besides 90 in the London Fever Hospital. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 504 (a decline of 12), and were 111 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 58 deaths: 54 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 20 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, and 21 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Four cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,830 births registered, against 2,688 the previous week, being 173 below the average.

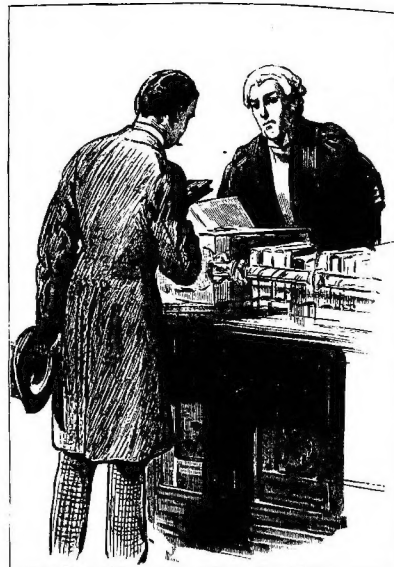




1. THE NEW M.P. ARRIVES AT THE HOUSE, AND BEING SOMEWHAT SHORT-SIGHTED MISTAKES THE MESSENGER FOR SOME HIGH FUNCTIONARY, POSSIBLY THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, AND SHAKES HANDS ACCORDINGLY



2. DISAPPOINTMENT! HE ARRIVES BEFORE THE WRIT, AND HAS TO CONTENT HIMSELF WITH A SEAT UNDER THE GALLERY; BUT SOME OF THE PARTY COME AND CONSOLE HIM



4. HE TAKES THE OATH



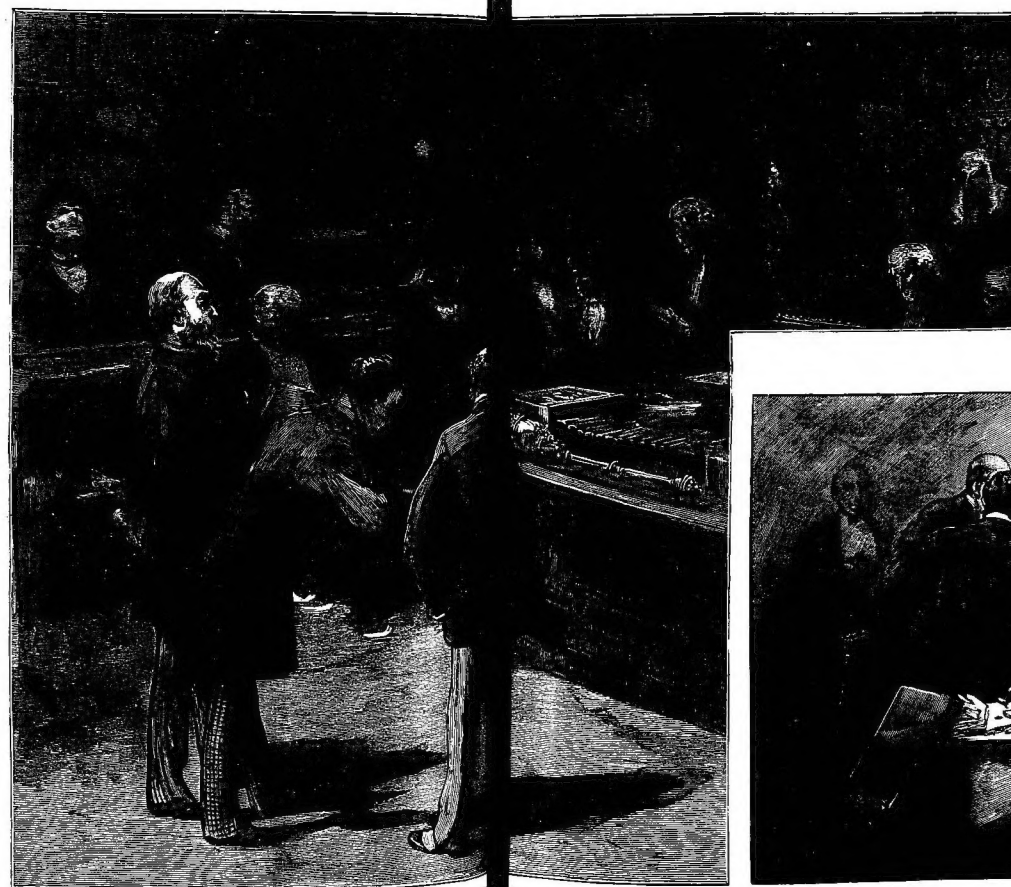
5. SIGNS THE ROLL



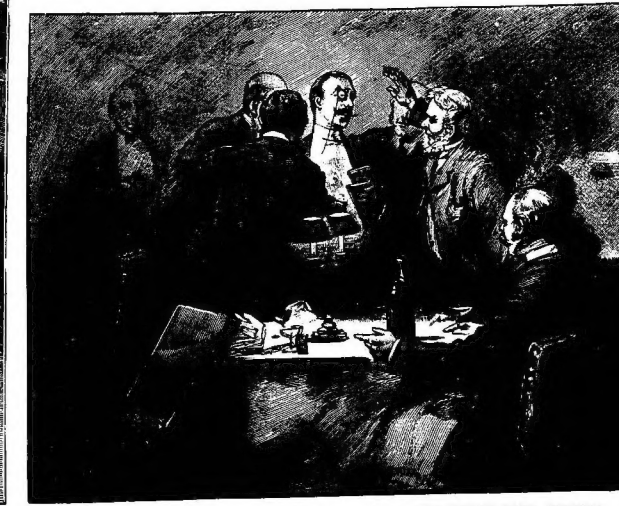
6. SHAKES HANDS WITH THE SPEAKER



7. AND HIS LEADER



3. THE INTRODUCTION—ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION—BUT HIS TWO INTRODUCERS AMIDST CHEERS ONLY



9. AND IS CONGRATULATED BY HIS SUPPORTERS IN THE DINING ROOM, WHENCE THEY HAVE LISTENED THROUGHOUT



8. HE MAKES HIS MAIDEN SPEECH, WHICH IS LISTENED TO IN BREATHLESS SILENCE (ALL THE MEMBERS HAVING GONE TO DINNER).

# THE EXPERIENCE OF A NEW M.P.





THE echoes of Prince Bismarck's speech have not yet died away, and the Prince's assurance that peace will not be disturbed having been endorsed by Lord Salisbury's utterances in Parliament, a somewhat calmer feeling prevails throughout Europe this week. At the same time, it is remembered that the Czar's pacific inclinations are not always sufficient to outweigh the enormous influence of the bellicose Panslavist party, and that barely a week before the Russians crossed the Pruth, in 1877, the late Czar had assured the Austrian Ambassador that he had no intention of declaring war. Prince Bismarck's contemptuous reference to the Bulgarian crisis is also regarded with uneasiness, as it is now generally admitted that Germany would not regard a forcible invasion of that Principality by Russian troops as a reason for active intervention, even if Austria considered it necessary—as she undoubtedly would—to make such a step a *casus belli* with Russia. On the other hand, his offer to Russia to give a diplomatic support to any proposals which should have for their object the restoration of the *status quo* in Bulgaria according to the stipulations of the Treaty of Berlin is looked upon as a sign that a pacific settlement of the whole question is not impossible, and this hope has been heightened by certain diplomatic conferences which have been held at Vienna, where, however, the general feeling is far from cheerful. Much speculation has also been aroused by Lord Randolph Churchill's visit to St. Petersburg and his return *via* Paris, where certain utterances which he is alleged to have made have been interpreted to signify that England would be ready to join a Franco-Russian league, as a counterpoise to the alliance of the great Central European Powers. Moreover, he is even accredited with having intimated that if Russia will only leave the Afghan frontier intact, England will allow her to have all her own way in Europe. The French Press have greedily swallowed these statements, and—the wish being evidently father to the thought—affirm that the Prince of Wales' visit to Paris was for the purpose of concluding the new alliance. Other nations, fortunately, are not so credulous, and Lord Salisbury's declaration that England would not abandon her traditional policy in the East has quite calmed suspicions in Vienna, but the recent revelations of treaties, arrangements, understandings, and combinations have materially unsettled the popular mind, and created an uneasy impression that, despite the apparent frankness of the great Chancellor, there may yet be others which, when brought to light, might completely upset all present calculations. The substance of the Italian Treaty has now been published by the *Neue Freie Presse*. By this Austria promises to maintain "benevolent neutrality" in the event of a Franco-Italian war, and Italy engages to do the same in an Austro-Russian war. Italy and Germany also mutually agree to render military assistance should either Power be attacked by France. It is also stated that special "arrangements" exist between Austria, Italy, and England for the protection of the Austrian and Italian coasts in the event of war.

IN FRANCE, the Government have had a narrow shave of a very serious parliamentary defeat. The subject was the everlasting Tonquin occupation, which is still a red rag to the extreme parties, particularly when the vote for the administrative expenses is brought forward. On Monday there was a grand field-day, in which the "policy of adventure" was as vigorously denounced as ever, together with the "fearful expenditure of men, money, and ships," which the expedition had involved. On the vote being taken for the credit of 800,000*l.*, the number for and against were exactly even, so M. Tirard, telling the house that if the vote implied the evacuation of Tonquin another Cabinet must be found to undertake the responsibility, offered to meet the Chamber's wish to economise, and reduced the sum demanded by 8,000*l.* By this sacrifice, the Premier barely secured a majority of eight. M. Flourens has been speaking at Briançon, where he is canvassing for the coming election, and has declared that his recent diplomatic successes in settling vexed frontier incidents were due to the fact, that other nations felt that "it was the heart of France which beat in that of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. It is to these patriotic sentiments, and our attachment to free institutions, that our military successes should be attributed if the frontier were attacked." M. Flourens is very decidedly the best Foreign Minister France has had for years, but he is evidently not above indulging in the patriotic buncombe so affected by his countrymen. We have already alluded to the sudden idea which has struck the French Press, that an alliance with England would be beneficial—a feeling probably not unconnected with the recent "truth about the Navy" which has been so unwittingly revealed in the Chamber. Simultaneously there is a suspicious and angry tone pervading the Press with regard to Italy, which is looked upon as preparing a campaign against France with a view of annexing Nice and Savoy. M. Paul de Cassagnac has joined in the fray, and has written to Prince Napoleon, urging him to withdraw his son Louis from the Italian army—"that army which is being openly organised against France, is in the pay of Germany, and by a recently-divulged Treaty, is placed on our frontier to menace and invade it. . . . When the destinies of Italy are bound up with those of our cruellest enemy, when the flag of Italy is unfurled against the country which was her benefactor, is it possible that it shelters under its doubly fratricidal folds a son of France? Command your son to bear his sword elsewhere, where the point will not be aimed at the heart of the Fatherland."

PARIS has been holding Carnival as merrily as the icy weather would permit, the maskers on the boulevards were as numerous as in former years, and those choreographically inclined danced the *Can-can* in the Place de l'Opéra with true Parisian verve. One masker represented Madame Limouzin, and distributed tin crosses with great liberality; while General Boulanger and M. Jules Ferry were equally popular personations. On Wednesday there was a serious fire in the poultry and meat sections of the Halles Centrales. One hundred thousand birds are said to have been burnt. Turning to colonial matters, a declaration has been signed in Paris between England and France defining the functions and powers of the joint Anglo-French Naval Commission for the New Hebrides. This Commission it appears is to be immediately instituted, and is to be composed of naval officers belonging to the British and French Pacific stations. Its task will be to maintain order, and to protect the lives and property of British and French subjects in that region. The President will be alternately a British and French officer, each acting for a month, the first to be chosen by lot. In the event of any disturbance of peace the Commission is to take such measures as may be considered necessary, but military force is not to be employed unless absolutely indispensable, while should a naval or military force be landed, such force is not to remain longer than thought essential by the Commission. Should immediate action be rendered necessary before the Commission can be assembled, the British and French commanders nearest the spot are to take the needful measures, in concert if possible, but where that is not practicable, separately, and to report their action immediately to their senior officers, and await the decision of the Commission.

GERMANY has been completely absorbed in the bulletin from San Remo, where tracheotomy was performed on the Crown Prince on Thursday week. As it was not considered prudent to wait for

Professor Bergmann the operation was undertaken by Dr. Bramann in the presence of Sir Morell Mackenzie, Mr. Mark Hovell, and Doctors Krause and Schröder. The operation was in every way successful, and the Prince passed a good night, with neither fever nor pain, nor any symptoms of bronchitis, which was the chief thing to be feared. On the arrival of Professor Bergmann on Saturday he found his patient progressing as favourably as could be desired, and during the day the Prince left his bed for three hours. A fresh tube was inserted on Sunday, when the wound appeared to be healing. He also got up on Monday, and on Tuesday walked for a short time up and down his room. On Tuesday night he suffered from neuralgic headache, but was otherwise well and able to transact business. Sir Morell Mackenzie has addressed a report of his views on the case to the Emperor, in which he states that "it is impossible at the present moment to affirm that any other disease exists than chronic inflammation of the larynx, combined with perichondritis." The Prince can now both take solid food and talk, though at present he is advised not to speak. In an article on his case, the *British Medical Journal* remarks that there is no reason why a man suffering from a disease which obstructs the upper orifice of the windpipe, but does not spread to neighbouring parts, should not, if tracheotomy is performed in time, live out his full natural lease of life. If at any subsequent period the passage becomes clear again, the tube can be removed; if not, it may continue to be worn with comparatively little inconvenience or discomfort. With a properly constructed instrument, the patient is not only free from all risk of suffocation, but is able to speak with perfect ease and distinctness, and can discharge the duties of life, and take part in most of its pleasures, without trouble to himself or distress to others. Despite Sir Morell Mackenzie's opinion, the German doctors mainly hold to their first assertion that the disease is cancerous.

The resignation of Lord Dufferin has caused genuine regret throughout INDIA. At the meeting of the Council last week the Viceroy spoke on the subject in Council, and stated that his retirement from office was purely owing to imperative private reasons. From the time he had set foot in India not a shadow of a difference had arisen between him and the Home Government, neither had anything occurred in India to render his stay less agreeable. Had not the country been perfectly prosperous and peaceful he would gladly have sacrificed every personal consideration in the cause of duty. Lord Lansdowne was the very man he would have suggested to be his successor had the choice lay with him. The various journals, with very few exceptions, eagerly eulogise the great work Lord Dufferin has done during his rule, and the general opinion is summed up by the *Times of India*, which gives him credit for completely putting an end to the excitement and bitter race antagonism so unhappily fostered by Lord Ripon. "While Lord Ripon was remitting taxation, reducing the army, and in the name of philanthropy setting us all by the ears, the Russians were stealthily approaching the Afghan frontier. Lord Dufferin successfully stopped their approach, won the Ameer's confidence, increased the strength and value of the army, and carried out a regular system of frontier defence. His Indian career may be summed up in the names of Penjdeh and Upper Burma."—From BURMA we hear of a surprise of Ottama's camp near Legaing by the Military Police. Ottama escaped into the jungle, but several of his followers were taken prisoners, and sixteen guns were captured. The various military columns appear to be doing good work, though from all accounts dacoity still continues rampant.

IN THE UNITED STATES much surprise has been caused by Mr. Blaine having declined to submit his name to the forthcoming Republican Convention as a candidate for the Presidency. There are so many tricks in American political circles that people are doubtful as to the genuineness of Mr. Blaine's refusal, some interpreting it to mean a bid for nomination, others holding it to be a sincere withdrawal. Mr. Blaine himself says that he has taken the step purely from personal considerations, and urges his countrymen to "make no mistake in choosing a policy which inspires labour with hope, and protects its increase, which secures political power to every citizen, and comfort and culture to every home. To this end, not less earnestly and more directly as a private citizen than as a public candidate, I shall devote myself with the confident belief that the administration of the Government will be restored to the party which has demonstrated its purpose and power to wield it for the unity and honour of the Republic and for the prosperity and progress of the people." While general regret is experienced at Mr. Blaine's withdrawal, it is felt that the party will be strengthened by the nomination of a man with a little less pronounced record, particularly in tariff matters. It is generally thought that General Sherman will be the Republican nominee.—The Fisheries Commission have finished their labours, and the treaty was signed on Wednesday evening. The contents, however, will not be made known until the Commissioners have returned to their respective homes.



THE QUEEN visited the Royal National Hospital for Consumption, at Ventnor, on Saturday, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. Her Majesty drove through the High Street, stopping at the Club House to receive a bouquet from Miss Ruby Burnaby, and on reaching the hospital was greeted by the chief officials, while Master Coghill presented another bouquet. The Royal party went all over the building, where most of the patients and the nurses had gathered in the dining hall, and the Queen also visited two special patients in whom Her Majesty is much interested, while finally the Royal visitors went to the chapel to see the Duke of Albany Memorial tablet before returning to Osborne. Next morning the Queen, Prince and Princess Henry, and Princess Victoria attended Divine Service at Osborne, where Canon Prothero officiated, and later the Prince of Leiningen lunched with the Royal party. On Monday Her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice and Princess Victoria, visited Canon and Mrs. Prothero at the Rectory, Whippingham. In the evening Canon and Mrs. Prothero and Commander Poore dined with the Queen, and subsequently the Rev. R. W. Burnaby, Vicar of East Cowes, was presented to her Majesty. On Tuesday Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry visited Lord Tennyson at Freshwater. Amongst the visitors at Osborne have been the chief officers of the 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps, who were presented to the Queen after Her Majesty had witnessed a march-past of the regiment. Yesterday (Friday) the Queen was to return to Windsor with Prince and Princess Henry, while next Wednesday Her Majesty comes to town to hold the first Drawing-Room of the season on Thursday.

The Prince of Wales reached Paris early on Saturday morning, having travelled *via* Dover and Calais. During the morning the Prince received numerous visitors and paid a few calls, afterwards entertaining Lord Lytton at lunch, while in the afternoon he called at the Elysée on President Carnot, who immediately afterwards returned the Prince's visit at the Hotel Bristol. In the evening the Prince went to the Porte St. Martin to see Madame Sarah Bernhardt in *La Tosca*. On Sunday he attended Divine Service, and after-

wards lunched with Lord and Lady Lytton at the British Embassy, subsequently taking five o'clock tea with Mrs. Standish, and dining at the Club of the Rue Royale with the Marquis de Breteuil, going later on to the Variétés to see *Les Décorés*. Next day the Prince left Paris for the Riviera, and was received at the Cannes station on Tuesday afternoon by Mr. Taylor, the English Vice-Consul, and took up his quarters for a fortnight in the Villa Baron at Cannes. On Thursday the Prince was to visit Nice for the second day of the Battle of Flowers. On Monday he was expected to go to San Remo, to visit the Crown Prince of Germany. He returns to England in time for the *levée* on March 7th. The Princess and daughters remain at Sandringham, where they take their usual walks and drives, and on Sunday attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene. The Prince and Princess' Silver Wedding will be kept at King's Lynn with great festivities, and the Corporation will present an address. The Prince and Princess have promised to patronise a "Silver Fête," to be held at the Horticultural Gardens throughout the week following the day of their Silver Wedding, the proceeds of the fancy fair to be given to the Victoria Hospital for Children.—Prince Albert Victor visited Mr. G. W. Elliot, M.P., at Newton House, Yorkshire, to hunt with the Bedale Hounds on Monday, but the hard frost prevented the intended sport. The Prince then went on to Aske Hall, near Richmond, to stay with the Earl of Zetland, a meet having been arranged for his visit. The Prince will leave the 9th Lancers on 26th March, when he goes to Sandringham till Easter. The Prince will subsequently return to York to join the 10th Hussars.

Princess Christian, on Monday, attended a meeting at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, to further the foundation of the British Nursing Association, and spoke on behalf of the movement.—The two elder children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught leave Bombay on March 16th, in the *Thames*, for England, under the charge of Sir Edward and Lady Elphinstone. They will stay with the Queen till their parents return from India next year. The Duke and Duchess are now in Bombay for six weeks, staying at the Cooperage. Previously, the Duke had been at the Cavalry Camp of Exercise, at Rupakeli, witnessing all the manoeuvres, and also superintending a field day at Nusseerabad. He was expected on Tuesday to be present at the Grand Lodge of All Scottish Freemasonry in India, held at Freemasons' Hall, Byculla.—The Duchess of Albany kept her twenty-seventh birthday yesterday (Friday). On Saturday she lunched with her aunt, the Queen of Sweden, who arrived in London the previous day from Paris, with Prince Oscar and Miss Munck, and on Tuesday the Duchess entertained the Queen and Prince Oscar to lunch at Claremont. The Swedish Queen and her son go to Bournemouth at the end of this week, Miss Munck having preceded them last Saturday. During their stay in town the Queen and Prince received and paid numerous visits, and on Sunday attended Divine Service at the Swedish Church, Shadwell. On Monday Prince Oscar opened the Scandinavian Sailors' Temperance Home, at the West India Docks, and received a large bouquet for his fiancée. Prince Eugene will join the Swedish family at Bournemouth next month, in time for his brother's wedding, which will take place, very quietly, about March 18th, at Bournemouth. Afterwards the happy couple will take a honeymoon trip abroad, before settling down at Karlskrona, for Prince Oscar's naval duties.—Mad King Otto of Bavaria continues as hopelessly insane as ever. He utterly failed to recognise his mother when the Dowager Queen recently went to see him at Fürstenried.



DR. WALSHAM HOW, Bishop Suffragan of Bedford, who from his exertions in East London is popularly known as "the Bishop of the East End," has been appointed Bishop of Wakefield. He has been the Bishop of London's Suffragan since 1879.

THE RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF SOUTH LONDON, with special reference to the description of it recently given in the *Record*, was considered at a conference convened by the student-workers in that region connected with the Trinity College, Cambridge, Mission, and presided over by the Bishop of Rochester. In the course of the discussion the Rural Dean of Lambeth remarked that if some of their wealthier fellow citizens had to cook their own dinners, mend their own clothes, and get their children and themselves ready for morning service, he believed that many of the fashionable West End churches would be nearly empty. Dr. Butler, the Master of Trinity College, said that what seemed wanted in South London was the residence among the very poor of a number of ladies and gentlemen with the means and inclination to relieve their present necessities, and to administer to their spiritual wants.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE DIOCESE OF LONDON has granted the faculty which, as previously mentioned in this column, was asked for by the vestry of St. Pancras, to enable the disused churchyard of St. Martin-in-the-Fields to be converted into a public recreation ground, an operation partly decided on in order to provide some of the London unemployed with work. One of the provisos on which the faculty was granted is that there shall be no interference with any tomb, monument, or tombstone, unless sanctioned by the Court, and assented to by the family interested. The vestry clerk stated that a local musical society has undertaken to restore to its original condition the neglected tomb of Dibdin, the famous naval song-writer, who was buried in the disused churchyard.

A LARGELY-ATTENDED MEETING, presided over by Lord Beauchamp, was held this week in London, to promote the movement for a memorial of the late Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, formerly of St. Alban's, Holborn, whose death, under melancholy circumstances, was lately recorded. On the motion of Canon Carter, seconded by the Rev. A. H. Stanton of St. Alban's, it was agreed that the memorial should be a chapel, built as a part of the fabric of St. Alban's, on a site now covered by buildings the physical and moral conditions of which were described as very different from those which should exist in close proximity to a church.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR makes a strenuous appeal for the erection of a suitable memorial of our great naval hero Blake in St. Margaret's, Westminster. He lies in a nameless grave in its churchyard, in what the Archdeacon describes as the "promiscuous and forgotten pit which, to the shame of our indifference, covers the mortal remains of Pym, of Strobe, of May the historian and poet, and of Cromwell's venerable mother." There have been many memorials of Nelson, but none of Blake. Only 200*l.* are required to carry out the object for which the Archdeacon pleads, and subscriptions in promotion of which he will gladly receive, acknowledge, and account for.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER has been elected by the Senators of Glasgow University Gifford lecturer on Natural Religion who, it will be remembered is by the bequest of the late Lord Gifford to be allowed in his prelections the utmost conceivable latitude of speculation.

THE *Nonconformist* reports a sermon preached in Birmingham by the Rev. Dr. Dale, who has recently returned from Australia, on the "down grade controversy," in which that well-known Nonconformist divine intimated that many Congregational ministers, himself among them, have ceased to believe in the doctrine of eternal punishments, and in the plenary inspiration of the Bible.



ON the invitation of the proprietors of *The Graphic* twenty-one of the most eminent living English artists have painted as many of Shakespeare's female characters. The pictures, which are ranged in a new gallery in Brook Street, Hanover Square, will be found interesting in many ways. Some of them are chiefly remarkable for their purely artistic qualities, while others are excellent realisations of the characters they are intended to portray. At the end of the gallery hangs one of the best oil pictures that Sir Frederick Leighton has produced, representing "Desdemona" listening with earnest interest to the story of Othello's life. He has never painted a more beautiful or a more expressive face; he has never designed a figure more spontaneous in movement, or more instinct with natural grace. The picture is distinguished by nobility of style, mastery of design, and elaborate completeness of workmanship. Beside it hangs a picture by Mr. Calderon of "Juliet" in the balcony confessing her love to the stars, excellent in composition, colour, and keeping, and remarkable moreover for the refined beauty and sincere expression of the maiden's face. The best qualities of Mr. Alma-Tadema's art are to be seen in his picture of the Roman "Portia" who, just risen from her bed, is looking down on Brutus and the other conspirators assembled in the orchard. Anxiety and fear are well expressed in her face and in the attitude of her figure. The suffused glow of warm artificial light in the foreground and the brilliant moonshine on the figures without are admirably rendered. The subject is treated with dramatic power, as well as rare artistic skill.

Mr. G. D. Leslie's "Anne Page" is an excellent rendering of the subject, marked by his accustomed simplicity and refinement of style. The maiden, who leaning over a wall is inviting the guests into dinner, is a true type of youthful English beauty. "Beatrice," as depicted by Mr. Frank Dicksee, seems incapable of the biting sarcasms which she sometimes utters. It is a life-sized head of great beauty, with an animated but most amiable and sympathetic expression, drawn and painted in masterly style. The "Portia" of Mr. Henry Woods and the "Jessica" of Mr. Luke Fildes are true and strongly contrasted types of Venetian beauty. The face and figure of the Lady of Belmont who, in the black robes of a doctor of laws, stands in a balcony overlooking the lagoon, are instinct with vitality. Judging from the triumphant expression on her fair face, she feels confident of success. Mr. Fildes shows great power as a colourist, together with true perception of character, in his picture of the Jewish maiden. The flesh-tints are of fine quality, and the general effect rich and harmonious.

There is true pathos in the dejected "Mariana," who with an utterly hopeless expression on her faded face, looks through a window of the "Moated Grange." It is one of the best works that Mr. Val Prinsep has produced, remarkable for its strength of style, its broad illumination, and the very artistic treatment of the picturesque costume, as well as for its expressive truth. Mr. R. W. Macbeth's "Rosalind," seated in the forest, cannot be regarded as a good realisation of the subject. Her embarrassment in finding herself in doublet and hose is well expressed in the attitude of the figure, but the face is unlovely, and somewhat commonplace in character. If Mr. P. R. Morris intended to represent "Audrey" as she was some years before she met with Touchstone, he has perfectly succeeded in his purpose. The very young girl with rumpled flaxen hair standing awkwardly with a mangold-wurzel root under her arm, is a true picture of unsophisticated semi-savage nature. There is dignity and grace in Mr. Poynter's finely-designed figure of the faithless "Cressida;" who, clad in diaphanous drapery, is in the act of drawing aside the curtains in the doorway of her uncle's house.

Mr. J. W. Waterhouse has done nothing so masterly in style or so artistically complete as his picture of "Cleopatra" reclining on a couch. The dusky face of the Egyptian Queen, which wears a profoundly melancholy expression, is distinguished by beauty of a noble kind. All the rich Oriental accessories are skilfully introduced, and in perfect keeping with the stately figure. The picture glows with rich and delicately harmonised colour, and is painted throughout with a broad, firm, and expressive touch. On the same wall hangs a picture by Mr. Herbert Schmalz more technically complete than anything we have seen by him. It represents "Imogen" drawing her sword as she cautiously enters the cave of Belarius. Maidenly timidity is well expressed in the action of the figure, as well as in the finely formed face. Mr. Marcus Stone's small picture of the distraught "Ophelia" has many good qualities, but is chiefly remarkable for the natural grace of the figure, and the refined beauty and pathetic expression of the face. It is full of carefully-studied detail, and in excellent keeping as a whole.

AT midnight on Tuesday the debate on the Address very nearly came to an inglorious conclusion. It had dragged wearily along all night after the relapse from the impetus given at the opening by the speeches of Sir George Trevelyan and Colonel Saunderson. The benches were lamentably empty, and even Mr. Labouchere, in whose quips and cranks the House occasionally shows a modified delight, had the mortification of seeing members hurry out by the score when he rose. Sir George Trevelyan, rising at five o'clock, had spoken for upwards of an hour, having literally a listening Senate before him, for the peers, having nothing to do in their own House, hurried over to the Commons to hear what a former Chief Secretary for Ireland had to say in the altered circumstances of the day. Sir George rewarded the attention of his hearers by making an exceedingly serious speech. He was analytical rather than oratorical. His text was that by proclaiming the National League the Government had actually created, by Act of Parliament, a new crime. In support of this proposition he, with a minuteness that threatened to be tedious, went through a long list of convictions, tracing them back to the circumstance that the Government having proclaimed the National League, and Irishmen and boys still retaining their loyalty to it, conflicts with authority arose which filled the gaols, and arrested that diminution of crime which would otherwise have followed from the altered attitude of a very large portion of the English people towards Ireland.

Mr. Balfour was one of the most attentive listeners to his predecessor in the thorny chair of the Chief Secretary. From time to time he smilingly made a note, strengthening the impression existing in some parts of the House that he would immediately follow. This expectation served to keep the temporarily-filled House together, and the patience was not ill-rewarded by what followed. It was not Mr. Balfour, but Colonel Saunderson who had been selected to follow Sir George Trevelyan; and, though his speech was less important, it was certainly quite as lively as Mr.

Balfour's might have been. Colonel Saunderson now fills the part, never empty in the House of Commons, of the Irish member who sits on the English side and stirs up his countrymen as with a long pole. It is a quite unique position, for which only a certain class of man is possible. Mr. Johnston, for example, would not do. He has all the antipathy towards the representatives of the National party that fills the breast of Colonel Saunderson. But he has a different way of expressing it, and there is neither toleration nor good humour in the reception he meets with at the hands of his militant countrymen. The Irish members, though they howl and roar at Colonel Saunderson, rather like him. He is to them what the gentleman familiarly known as "Tom" Conolly was to the Irish party in the Parliament of 1874. When at that date things were going pretty quietly, Mr. Conolly had a way of suddenly appearing and (in a Parliamentary sense, of course) pinching Mr. Butt's ear, or sticking a pin in the spare form of Mr. McCarthy Downing. Then there would be an explosion, which it took all the efforts of Mr. Disraeli to prevent from spreading. Still, the Irish members liked "Tom" Conolly as they like Colonel Saunderson, who on Tuesday night, as he has done on former occasions, genially accused them of murder, rapine, and other social habits not usually regarded in a complimentary light.

In the course of his long and animated speech Colonel Sanderson had everybody up with contradiction, including Mr. Gladstone, who, at the close of the speech, specially retained Sir Charles Russell to "mention" the Dopping case. It was after this that there followed a stream of members, chiefly drawn from the rear ranks of the Irish party. Mr. T. W. Russell, who sits on the Liberal side, but is in fuller sympathy with Colonel Sanderson than with Mr. Parnell, delivered one of his well-considered speeches, in which he alternately supports and threatens the Government. Ever since he took his seat in Parliament—and he is comparatively a new member—he has appeared on the verge of joining Mr. Parnell. But after the interval of a week following upon one of these demonstrations, he comes back again to his ancient loyalty to law and order. It was after Mr. Clancy sat down on the stroke of midnight that the catastrophe (it can scarcely be called a calamity) hinted at threatened. Nobody presented himself to continue the debate. The Speaker slowly rose from the chair, with intent to put the question, when Mr. Handel Cossham threw himself into the breach, and delivered a speech which there were few to hear, and of which the newspaper reports preserve only a miserable fragment.

Possibly Mr. Clancy's concluding remark had something to do with this incident. In the middle of his speech he had incidentally alluded to a certain judge as a person who "scarcely ever could tell the truth." The Speaker sternly interposed, and Mr. Clancy apologised, and promised not to offend again. Nor did he till the very last sentence of his speech, when, after the manner of the historical Irish carman who used to "save a trot for the avenue," he culminated a boisterous charge against "this atrocious Government." Then, before the Speaker could call him to order, he abruptly sat down. Perhaps this startled the House. However it be, the fact remains that, but for Mr. Cosham's presence of mind, the debate would have forthwith collapsed.

The course of procedure on Tuesday night may be fitly dwelt upon as representative of the current of events in this quite remarkable opening of a Session. The days pass, and resemble each other inasmuch as they are entirely devoid, not only of the excitement that was looked forward to on the eve of the opening, but in the average "go" of Parliamentary sittings. Old Parliamentary stagers agree that the appearance of the House during the past week has much more resembled what is customary in the last week of August than in the first fortnight of February. On Monday night there was a breach of privilege case raised on the arrest of Irish members almost within the precincts of the House of Commons. In the good old days, when the Parnellites were, save for temporary alliances with Lord Randolph Churchill and the Conservative party, fighting alone with their backs to the wall, such an incident would have raised a storm to shake the House. Such a storm there was just seven years ago, when Mr. Davitt was arrested, and thirty-seve Irish members got themselves suspended from the House of Commons in the course of their angry protest. On Monday the Irish members who took part in the debate showed themselves the mildest-mannered men that ever defied the Speaker or browbeat an Irish Secretary.

How long this state of things may last no one can say. The safest prophecy, based upon former experience, is that at some quite unexpected moment the lurking fires of discontent may blaze forth. As it is, the Ministry are fortunate in the prospect of fulfilling Mr. Gladstone's expressed desire of accomplishing "a legislative Session." Two days of next week are assigned for discussion of the Trafalgar Square meeting, after which there is reasonable hope that the Address may be got rid of, and the business of the Session may commence. In the meanwhile, as far as what in the general forecast looked likely to be a turbulent Session has gone, we have a state of apathy, and a quite enjoyable dulness.

RURAL NOTES

THE WHEAT CROP of last year was evidently a good one, for farmers' deliveries have been maintained at a consistently high figure ever since the end of September. The detailed estimates just published by the Privy Council show a yield of 32·25 bushels per acre, or 5·38 bushels above the deficient yield of the preceding year, and about 3·25 bushels above an ordinary average yield. The distinguishing feature of the year, according to the Privy Council report, was extremely fine quality and good weight, resulting from a cold dry spring extending into May, followed by dry, hot weather almost to the close of harvest. Wheat has been threshed in the counties of Dorset and Wilts, weighing 68 lbs. per bushel, and the average weight in some districts has reached 63 lbs. to 64 lbs. per bushel. One of the estimators, a miller in large business, has met with hundreds of samples weighing 66 lbs. to the bushel. The straw of all cereals was short, and wheat straw, according to the returns, realised in some neighbourhoods 3*l.* to 4*l.* per ton. The yield of wheat in some localities was as high as fifty to sixty bushels per acre, though on light chalks and gravels, which suffered from drought, it was inferior.

THE MINOR CROPS, such as beans and peas, were gravely deficient, and the Privy Council estimate that the yield of turnips and swedes was ten million tons below an average, a most serious deficiency for sheep farmers to face. Mangolds are estimated as having yielded 5,423,000 tons, against 7,280,000 tons in the preceding year, when the average was 11,400 acres less. Against these figures have to be set the yield of 3,564,000 tons of potatoes in Great Britain and a very large crop in Ireland, against 3,167,000 tons in Great Britain and a fair crop in Ireland in 1886. The absence of disease among the potatoes was one of the best features of the year. Of barley and oats it may be said that the short yield of the latter cereal has been lost sight of in the overwhelming imports received from Russia and Scandinavia.

**DAIRY FARMING.**—The Association which devotes itself particularly to this branch of agriculture met last week, and agreed on the motion of Mr. Barham "That the Gold Medal of the British

**BRAHMS' NEW DOUBLE-CONCERTO.**—Brahm's latest composition of importance, produced at Cologne as recently as last October, by Messrs. Joachim and Hausmann, was, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. Henschel, performed for the first time in London at the Symphony Concert on Wednesday. In regard to the first and last movements of the new double-concerto, owing mainly to their abstruseness, and to the demands which the more than usually complex treatment of the solo violin and violoncello and the orchestra makes upon the attention of the auditor, a definite opinion must be reserved until after a second hearing. The melodious beauty of the slow movement, however, tells its own story, and this section was at once accepted as one of the most charming things which the great Viennese composer has given us. When it is more familiar, the first movement bids fair to take equal rank with, and as a specimen of mere workmanship it will probably be considered equal to, Brahms' best efforts in the past. In the *finale*, however, the interest falls off considerably. The work will be repeated next Tuesday, and it will also be heard soon at the Crystal Palace.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The first concert after the recess is usually devoted to the Crystal Palace to more or less well-known works. Mr. Manns has accordingly postponed his two leading novelties—Mr. Speer's setting of Lord Tennyson's *Day Dream* and Mr. Hamish McCunn's choral ballad on Thomas Campbell's poem, *Lord Ullin's Daughter*—till Saturday of the present week. Last Saturday, his programme included Mozart's symphony in E flat, the last but two of the forty-nine, and therefore one of the most matured specimens of the great composer's genius, Wagner's *Faust* overture, which the Wagner party accept as one of the earliest examples of its author's advanced style, and Dvorák's violin concerto, written for Joachim. The Bohemian violinist, Mr. Ondricek, who first introduced Dvorák's concerto at a Philharmonic Concert in 1886, played it again on Saturday. We have already expressed our opinion of the work.

RETURN OF DR. JOACHIM.—Dr. Joachim (already a Mus. Doc., Cantab., and last Tuesday the recipient of the Honorary Degree of Mus. Doc., Oxon.) made his re-appearance at this week's Monday Popular Concert, and was accorded the welcome due to his talent, and to the popularity which for some forty-four years he has enjoyed in this country. He played two movements from Bach's solo sonata in C, and for an *encore* the slow movement from the same composer's sonata in G minor. He also led a Haydn Quartet and Mendelssohn's Octet, of which a fine performance was enjoyed by a large audience. Mr. Max Pauer was the pianist, both on Monday and Saturday, and played respectively Schumann's toccata in C, and Chopin's sonata in B-minor. On Saturday Mr. Heermann led the quartet.—It is reported that Madame Schumann will, after all, not be able to come to London this spring. But the matter will not be definitely decided till next week.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The competition for the post of Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, which will be decided on Wednesday next, is exciting the greatest interest in musical circles. Mr. Cowen has withdrawn, and, although there are still several candidates, it is believed that the choice practically lies between two: to wit, Mr. A. C. Mackenzie and Mr. Joseph Barnby. Mr. Threlfall, Chairman of the Committee of the Royal Academy of Music, has very properly denied that he has any part in the candidature of Mr. Mackenzie. Both competitors are, however, gentlemen of the highest eminence, and the Committee of Management have simply to express a preference either for Mr. Mackenzie, as a composer of renown, or for Mr. Barnby, who also is a composer, and is also a distinguished conductor, and a man who at Eton College has already shown his ability to organise the work of a great school. The berth is worth 500*l.* a year, and it is quite an error to suppose that it invariably implies a knighthood. The following is the full list of past Principals: 1822 Dr. Crotch; 1832, Mr. Cipriani Potter; 1839, Mr. Charles Lucas; 1866, Sir (then Mr.) Sterndale Bennett; and 1875, Sir (then Mr.) George Macfarren. Should Mr. Barnby be elected, the Precentorship of Eton, worth 1,500*l.* a year, and the highest-paid official post in the musical profession, will be vacated.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The miscellaneous concerts of the past week have been of no great importance. Performances have been given by the students severally of the Royal College of Music, the Islington and Kensington Schools of Music, and the London Organ School. Miss Grace Woodward and Miss Kate Chaplin have likewise given concerts.—On Wednesday, being Ash Wednesday, a programme of sacred music, supported by eminent artists, was given instead of the usual Ballad Concert, and the *Messiah* was performed by the Albert Hall Choral Society, with Mesdames Nordica and Pataky, Messrs. Banks and Mills, as chief vocalists.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—Mr. F. H. Cowen has accepted an offer of 5,000*l.* (200*l.* per week) to conduct a series of orchestral and choral concerts at the Melbourne Exhibition. He will sail in June, and will return next March.—The Prince of Wales has resigned the post of President of the Council of the Royal Albert Hall.—Dvorák is said to be composing a new oratorio, introducing a large number of national Bohemian melodies and chorales.—Dr. G. C. Martin, sub-organist of St. Paul's, was on Tuesday appointed successor to Dr. Stainer, who hopes to take up residence at Oxford in May.—Owing to a telegraphic error, Dr. von Bülow has had the pleasure of reading a premature obituary notice of himself. Tamberlik, Formes, Remenyi, and others have already been accorded a similar enjoyment.—Professor Villiers Stanford's "Irish" symphony has recently been performed with most gratifying success twice in New York, twice in Berlin (under Bülow, who conducted from memory), twice in Hamburg, and once in Boston. It will shortly be given in Paris, and under Richter in Vienna.—Miss Marie Soldat, a young violinist, a pupil of Joachim, and warmly recommended by Brahms, will make her *début* at the Bach Choir Concert on the 1st prox. She is said to be a player of wonderful talent, which Brahms' violin concerto will at any rate put to the test.—The Carl Rosa Opera Company (Limited) has just declared another dividend of eight per cent.—Madame Jenny Lind has left a fortune of 40,000*l.*, besides her Malvern estate, which goes to her husband. Of the cash about 20,000*l.* is bequeathed to Swedish charities, and the rest to her family.





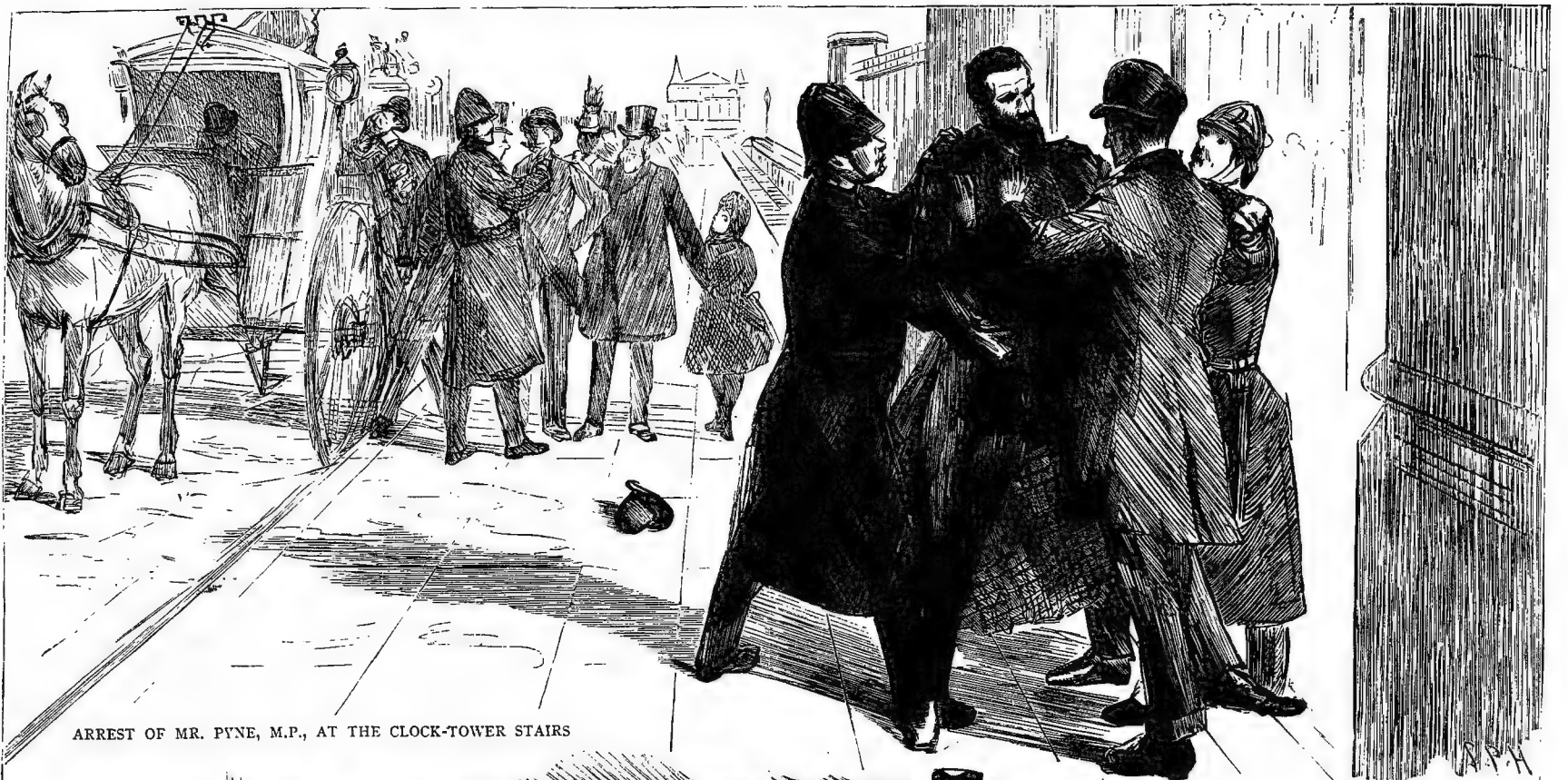
MR. M. W. MATTINSON  
New Conservative M.P. for the Walton Division of Liverpool



MRS. MARY HOWITT  
Born 1799 Died January 30, 1888



SIR HENRY MAINE, K.C.S.I.  
Born 1822. Died February 3, 1888



ARREST OF MR. PYNE, M.P., AT THE CLOCK-TOWER STAIRS



ARREST OF MR. GILHOOLY, M.P., NEAR PALACE YARD

THE ARREST OF IRISH M.P.'s NEAR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS



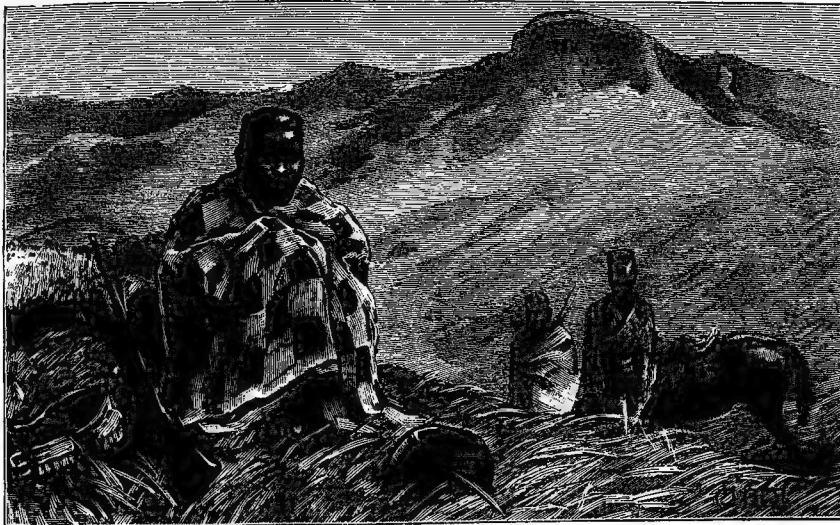


PRINCE OSCAR OF SWEDEN



MISS E. MUNCK, HIS FIANCÉE

THE APPROACHING SWEDISH ROYAL MARRIAGE



THE ZULU CHIEF USIBEPU, CETEWAYO'S HALF-BROTHER  
Recently Restored to the Territory from which he was Driven by the Boers



TULLAMORE GAOL, WHERE MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN AND OTHER IRISH M.P.'S  
HAVE RECENTLY BEEN CONFINED



Mr J. Gething    Mr. R. Heaton, J.P.    Mr. C. W. Gray, M.P.    Mr. Howard Vincent, C.B., M.P.    Mr. Henry Hawkes, J.P.    Mr. Lawrence C. Tipper    Mr. S. Cunliffe Lister    Mr. Frederick Blood  
Mr. H. J. Pettifer    Mr. W. Priest

A MEETING OF "FISCAL REFORMERS" AT THE TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM



Dairy Farmers' Association be offered for an efficient method of detecting the adulteration of fresh milk with condensed milk and water." The spread of this new form of fraud has been very rapid, and it is somewhat surprising to find that several members of the Association were dubious as to there being any fraud in selling as fresh milk a preparation of milk condensed with sugar and subsequently diluted with water.

**ROYAL AGRICULTURAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.**—It is good news that the special fund inaugurated last autumn by Mr. Walter Gilbey has been responded to so generously that 125 pensioners will be elected next June instead of the usual 45. All candidates over eighty years of age will probably be elected without competition. It is sad, however, to learn that even after the election of the 125 there will remain 254 applicants whom the Society will be unable to help—will be unable, that is to say, unless further subscriptions are received before June. Mr. C. B. Shaw, of 26, Charlotte Street, St. James's, will be glad to receive any such subscriptions, and we have his assurance that the long list of applicants includes a number of cases of the most exceptional misfortune. For ourselves, we may plainly say that, seeing the prices of farm produce for the past seven years, and the refusal of the Legislature to remove any substantial burden from the land, it is surprising that out of 600,000 English farmers there are not 379,000 rather than 379 requiring—and urgently requiring—relief.

**SHEEP.**—Some interesting returns are offered to us by the Teviotdale Farmers' Club, which published an account of the lambs cut, the death rate, the draft ewes sold, and the yield of wool per fleece at its members' farms. According to these returns, in 1887 the number of lambs cut was 7,469 against an average of 7,548, and the number of ewes sold was 1,428 against an average of 1,249. The death rate was 684 in the ten thousand, against an average of 712, and the yield of wool 309 lbs. per fleece against an average of 334 lbs. The Chairman of the Club calculates that a thousand-sheep-farm would give 135*l.* for wool, and 368*l.* 12*s.* 1*d.* for stock; but another member, Mr. Lockart, thinks these figures too low, and gives as his own estimates, 155*l.* 5*s.* and 398*l.* 3*s.* respectively. The differences, however, are not very large, and, perhaps we shall be tolerably near the mark in estimating the yield of wool at 145*l.* and of stock at 375*l.*, a total of 520*l.* for the farm.

**CONTAGIOUS DISEASES** among the live stock of the farm in 1887 have been less serious than in many previous years, yet the exhaustive account just published by Professor Brown shows the need of unceasing vigilant energy on the part of the authorities. During the year there were six hundred and eighteen outbreaks of pleuro-pneumonia, or sixty-five more than in 1886. The increase, however, was all in Scotland, and in England itself a decrease of thirty-one was shown. In Wales, but one case was reported. Of swine fever nearly seven thousand cases were recorded. Unlike pleuro-pneumonia, this form of infection is much more prevalent in England than in the Northern Kingdom. Of anthrax two hundred and thirty-five outbreaks were reported—two hundred and thirteen in England, one in Wales, and twenty-one in Scotland. Genuine foot-and-mouth disease was happily absent throughout the entire year. A malady vaguely called "milk scarlatina" was investigated. Ten different outbreaks of an eruptive disease on the teats of cows were reported, but although in their general clinical appearance, and in the microscopic character of the organisms found on them, they agreed with the description of the Hendon cow disease, none of them were coincident with scarlet fever in the districts in which they occurred.

**THE SLOW FARMER** seems somehow to be faster than the owners of high-mettled racers in one respect:—For some years past the entries of English elephants, in the shape of cart-horses, have been rigorously examined for soundness by veterinary surgeons, so that only a small per centage of the competitors have been rejected. But at last week's Stallion Show of Thoroughbreds, at Nottingham, many an animal that satisfied the judges' eyes were "called back" by the veterinary verdicts, which displaced many a favourite. Never before has a grand Show had such a slap in the face. Something like 30 per cent. of the entries were, as we understood, pronounced to be unsound.

**ENTRIES FOR THE TOBACCO PRIZE OF 50*l.*** given by the London Chamber of Commerce, have very conveniently been extended from 1st of March to 1st of May next.



**MR. VAUGHAN**, at Bow Street on Wednesday, declined to grant the summonses again pertinaciously demanded by Mr. Edward Dillon Lewis against the Home Secretary and Sir Charles Warren, who, the applicant contended, had no right to prohibit public meetings in Trafalgar Square. Mr. Vaughan pointed out that he was bound by the judicial decision in the case of Messrs. Cunningham Graham and Burns. The applicant might go to the High Court of Justice, and if it decided that his, Mr. Vaughan's, view was a wrong one, then he would have to grant the summonses. Mr. Lewis said that he would adopt that course.

**THE LEGALITY OF THE DECISION**, cordially welcomed at the time, of the rate-payers of St. James's and St. John's, Clerkwell, to adopt the Free Public Libraries Act, is to be disputed in a Court of Law, on the ground that the voting-papers should not have been issued by the Vestry and the Guardians of the Poor, but by the Overseers, and that there were considerable irregularities in the issue and collection of the voting-papers.

**THE BOW STREET POLICE MAGISTRATE** has adjudicated on the case of the Rev. Niblock Stuart, of Denmark Hill, a Presbyterian Minister, who, in the reading-room of the British Museum, was seen, openly and deliberately, cutting out sheets from a bound volume of newspapers. When questioned, he excused himself on the ground that being in a very weak state of health from worry and over-work, he was scarcely responsible for what he had done. On being summoned, he went abroad, but his legal adviser appeared before the Magistrate and admitted the charge. Medical evidence was adduced in support of his statement respecting his physical and mental condition, and the Trustees of the Museum asking that the case should be dealt with leniently, the Magistrate saying, that but for these circumstances, he would have committed him to prison, fined him 5*l.*, with 2*s.* 6*d.* for the damage done. Fortunately, the mutilated newspapers can be easily replaced.

**A MAJOR-GENERAL** was brought before the Marylebone Police Magistrate, charged with travelling on several occasions in first-class carriages on the Metropolitan Railway, having paid only third-class fare. The fact was not denied, but the defendant was represented as being under the impression that he had a right to travel in a higher class carriage if there was not room in the carriage for which he had taken a ticket. Evidence, however, was adduced to show that he had been watched by the railway company's servants, and had been seen entering first-class carriages when there was ample room in those of the third-class. The Magistrate said that many such cases came before him, and expressed his surprise that respectable persons could risk so much to gain so little. He fined the defendant 40*s.* with 2*l.* 2*s.* costs.



**THE new play**, in four acts, produced by Mr. Edwin Cleary at a *matinée* at the PRINCESS's last week, with the title of *Mirage*, proved to be an unauthorised and feeble version of the novel, "As in a Looking Glass," of which an authorised and a much more skilful version was lately produced by Mrs. Bernard-Beere at the Opera Comique. Mr. Wilkie Collins's letter to the *Daily News* on Monday last, in which he relates how a projected morning performance of an unauthorised version of "The Woman in White" at the Vaudeville was stopped by an appeal to the right feeling of Mr. Thomas Thorne, will probably render material aid in putting a stop to this sort of legalised injustice. Mr. Thorne, on the occasion referred to, had nothing to do with the performance beyond letting his theatre for the morning. It is, therefore, all the more creditable to him that, on being apprised of the facts, he at once interfered, and so effectually that Mr. Collins's own adaptation was, with the consent of that gentleman, substituted for the rival playwright's manufacture.

A little piece, entitled *Darby and Joan*, written by Messrs. Best and Bellingham, which was played for the first time in London at TERRY'S Theatre on Saturday last, proved to be a rather feeble presentation of a pretty idea. It served, however, what appears to have been its chief object, which is that of enabling Mr. Edward Terry to play in the same little piece an admiral of seventy and a young naval lieutenant of twenty, while Miss Clara Cowper, the only other interlocutor in this sentimental trifle, accomplished a similar *tour de force*. By dint of quick changes of costume, and the trick of darkening the stage at convenient points, these performers contrived to acquit themselves creditably; but the illusion was not quite complete, and the performance possessed no very great interest. The spectators who gathered in greater force for *The Woman Hater* which followed found more genuine entertainment.

Playgoers will regret to have observed that Mr. Toole found himself compelled to relinquish his intention of re-appearing at his theatre on Saturday evening last. The popular comedian, who has been suffering from a rather severe attack of gout, is slowly but steadily improving.

A one-act drama, entitled *Sunset*, written by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and brought out at the COMEDY Theatre on Saturday last, is a neatly constructed little piece, in which a story of sentiment, derived in part from one of Lord Tennyson's two poems, which bear the title of *The Sisters*, is skilfully told. The story turns upon the self-sacrifice of a heroine, when she makes the discovery that both she and her sister are in love with the same man. Miss Cissy Grahame and Miss Cudmore played these leading parts.

Mr. Charles Du Val, the well-known entertainer, is about to make a tour in India, Burma, Straits Settlements, China, and Japan, proceeding from this country by way of South Africa. He will be accompanied by Mr. Breakspear Smith, a clever young pianist, who gives musical sketches, *a la* Corny Grain.

The attempt of Count Hochberg, the manager of the Imperial Theatre in Berlin, to compel spectators to adopt the English custom of evening dress to the moderate extent of one evening a week is now an admitted failure. When Wagner's *Walküre* was played the Diplomatic Corps were very scantily represented, and the financial world were absolutely non-apparent. German fashionable society in brief resents the tyranny of the English custom, and deems it sufficient to go to the theatre decently attired.

Miss Sefton, a young lady known in society for her talents as an amateur actress, essayed the parts of Lady Teazle and Juliet in the Balcony Scene at the VAUDEVILLE on Tuesday afternoon. Miss Sefton appears to have capabilities, but the only result of her experiment was to satisfy impartial judges that she stands sadly in need of the study and experience demanded for such arduous impersonations.



**MR. J. H. WALSH** ("Stonehenge"), died on Sunday last at the advanced age of seventy-seven. In his sport of all kinds has lost a sincere friend, who loved it for its own sake alone. His "British Rural Sports," which has passed through sixteen editions since it was first published in 1855, is still the most indispensable volume in the sportsman's library. That, and his good work in the *Field*, which he had edited for thirty years, are the solid monuments by which "Stonehenge" will long be affectionately remembered.

**THE TURF.**—A further step towards the settlement of the Turf scandal was taken on Friday last week, when, on behalf of Sir George Chetwynd, a writ was issued against Lord Durham for libel and slander. Meanwhile, a warrant has been issued against Mr. James Davis, the proprietor of the *Bat* (now defunct), who is charged with libelling Lord Durham.

On the second day of the Kempton Park Meeting last week, Highflyer took the Staines Handicap Hurdle Plate, Kilworth scored another success in the Qualifying Hunters' Steeplechase, and The Celt won the Hanworth Park Handicap Hurdle Plate. The most important event of the day was the February Steeplechase. For this Johnny Longtail was made favourite, in spite of his owner, Mr. A. Yates, having declared to win with Lord Lumley. Johnny justified the confidence of his backers, however, by winning very comfortably. His success entailed a 7 lb. penalty in the Grand National, for which his weight is now 12 st. On the same day at Doncaster Nia won the Corporation Open Handicap Hurdle Race Plate, and Stellan the Badsworth Hunters' Flat Race Plate, while Anarchist defeated Warrenner and a couple of others in a Selling Hurdle Race Plate. In a similar event next day, however, Warrenner turned the tables on his conqueror. Mr. C. J. Cunningham rode a couple of winners—his own Delandre in the Doncaster Hunters' Steeplechase Plate, and the Duke of Montrose's Clanranald in the Fitzwilliam Hunters' Hurdle Race Plate. At Plumpton on Friday Shotaway won the February Hurdle Handicap, and Cork beat Giesshubler and half-a-dozen more in the Brighton Steeplechase Handicap. Next day Prime Cheddar followed up recent victories in the Railway Handicap Selling Steeplechase, Gwalia won the Farm Handicap Hurdle Race, and Clydesdale the Rottingdean Hurdle Handicap. In consequence of snow, the Warwick Meeting was postponed till next week.

**ROWING.**—One of the tamest races ever seen on the Thames was witnessed on Monday, when Wallace Ross easily defeated George Buebar, and thus obtained the title (alas! empty enough nowadays) of Champion of England. The winner rowed badly, while the loser's performance was beneath contempt, and can hardly have been genuine. Both Ross and Buebar have challenged Carr, the North-country sculler, who recently defeated East.—In Australia Kemp easily beat Clifford in their race for the Championship of the

World, resigned by Beach. Hanlan will now tackle the winner. Teemer, the American champion, has issued a challenge to all and sundry, so that, except in England, professional sculling seems to be looking up.—At the Royal Aquarium this week six oarsmen are trying the merits of the new "road-sculler" (of which an illustration and description will be found elsewhere) in a six days' race. The track is a small one, and falls have been frequent. Ross, who is more accustomed to the machine than any of the others, seems likely to win.—There are no important changes in the University crews to be chronicled this week. At Oxford Frere seems definitely to be installed as stroke, Holland remaining at bow. At Cambridge the services of Mr. Roxburgh, the Trinity Hall coxswain, have been enlisted. Two to one was betted on the Light Blues this week.

**FOOTBALL.**—The sloppy condition of the turf at the Oval on Saturday enabled the Preston North End to "make rings round" the strong team of Corinthians who opposed them, and they obtained four goals to one. After this and their subsequent six goals' defeat of Halliwell, the winners are naturally stronger favourites than ever for the Association Cup. The semi-finals in this competition are to be played to-day (Saturday). This afternoon, also, the Casuals and Old Westminsters meet at the Oval in the final for the London Cup. Cambridge are, as usual, favourites for the Inter-University match, which is drawing near. Since we last wrote they have beaten Old Harrovians, while the Dark Blues have again been defeated by Aston Villa, though they scored an easy victory over Crusaders. The match, which is likely to prove very interesting, between Preston North End and Past at Present of Cambridge University, and which should have taken place on Monday last, has been re-fixed for Thursday, March 1st, at Cambridge. Rugbywise, the match between Bradford and Blackheath ended in a draw, as did that between Durham and Northumberland. London Scottish have beaten London Welsh.

**BILLIARDS.**—A wonderfully close match was seen last week between Roberts and White. The latter made good use of the spot-stroke, scoring a break of 631 among others; but the Champion was always close up, and only suffered defeat finally by 138 points. Roberts has since issued two challenges to the world—one, to give any one 10,000 in 20,000, spot-barred, if 2,000*l.* to 1,000*l.* be laid him (figures which are so large as to be a little suspicious); the other, which has been accepted by Peall, to play any one 12,000 up even, Roberts to play spot-barred, and the opponent to be allowed to make 100 spot-strokes in a break. This week he is playing three matches with Peall, giving him in each 1,500 in 4,000, spot-barred. The first the Champion won with ridiculous ease.

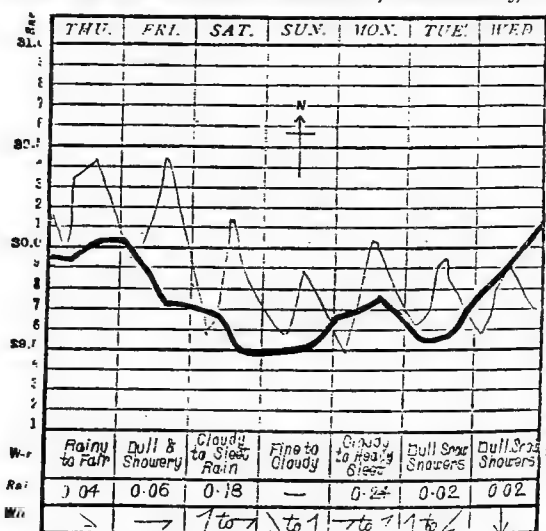
**CRICKET.**—The match between the combined English Teams and All Australia ended in a victory for the Britishers, who scored 113 (Shrewsbury 44) and 137 (M. Read 39), to the Colonials 42 and 82.—In response to the suggestion of the Cricket Council, the Committee of the M.C.C. have appointed a sub-committee to consider whether under the existing laws of cricket "any undue advantage rests with the batsman or bowler, and, if so, what steps should be taken to remedy this defect." This sounds like business.

**PEDESTRIANISM.**—The Walking Match between Arthur Hancock and Joseph Scott of New Zealand ended in an easy victory for the latter, who has accomplished some wonderful performances ever since he was twelve years old.—The Go-As-You-Please Race, in New York, resulted in favour of Albert, who only took nineteen hours' rest during the six days. Albert is said to have covered 621 miles during the time (the "record" being 610), but great doubts are thrown upon the correctness of the score.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The Waterloo Coursing Meeting begins on Wednesday next at Altcar. At present Mr. Hornby's nomination (Herschell) is most in demand, with Mr. Hibbert's (probably Miss Glendyne) second favourite.—W. A. Rowe, the great American cyclist, has arrived in England. Already matches at one, five, and ten miles have been arranged between him and Howell.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1888



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (15th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—The weather of the past week was in a changeable and showery condition generally. Sharp frost occurred after the middle of the period in the North, and snow and hail were experienced in many places. At the commencement of the time a depression was lying off the West Coast of Norway, and the North-Eastern side of an anticyclone was found in the South-West, with gradients for North-Westerly breezes, and fair mild weather generally. In the course of the next day or two the disturbance in the North and the high pressure system in the South-West both moved in a South-Easterly direction, and Westery (North-West to South-West) breezes were felt in most places. The weather continued mild over England, with a few showers, but in the West temperature fell somewhat, and sleet, snow, or hail was experienced, while in the North the air became decidedly colder, with rain and a little snow. Towards the close of the week the weather over our Islands fell into a still more unsettled condition, owing to some depressions which appeared both in the North and South. The one in the North subsequently filled up, but those in the South moved Eastwards along the Channel or the South-Coast of England, while their continued effects produced strong Northerly breezes in many places, cold rain, hail, or sleet generally, and lower temperatures at all but the Northern Stations. At Oxford the aggregate depth of two separate falls of snow which occurred between Monday night and Wednesday morning measured nearly 20 inches. The lowest temperatures of the week occurred between Saturday and Monday, and ranged from 8° to 13° in many parts of Scotland, to 11° in the North-West of England, and 21° in the South of Ireland, the highest slightly exceeded 50° at the beginning of the period in the South of England.

The barometer was highest (30.11 inches) on Wednesday (15th inst.); lowest (29.49 inches) on Saturday (11th inst.); range 0.62 inch. The temperature was highest (49°) on Thursday and Friday (9th and 10th inst.); lowest (30°) on Monday (13th inst.); range 19°. Rain or snow fell on six days. Total fall 0.56 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.24 inch on Monday (13th inst.).

**NOTE.**—The Glasgow Exhibition will open this, and not next year as stated in our last issue.

## DEATH.

**AYLIFFE.**—On February 10, at 46, Schubert Road, Putney, S.W., EDWARD AYLIFFE, aged forty-nine.



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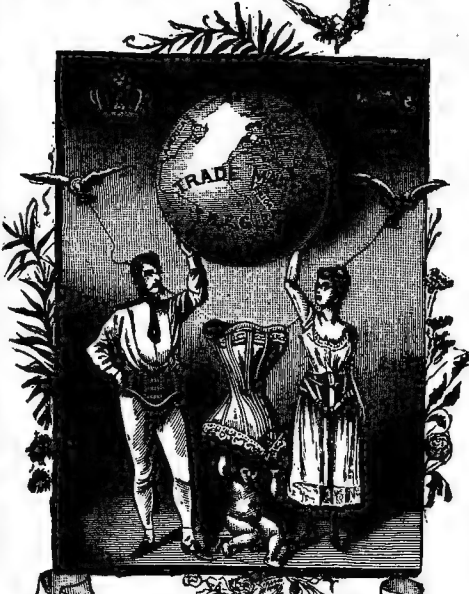
**PUBLIC CAUTION.**—Although all rights are secured by Royal Patents, our great success has led to unscrupulous copying, in some cases not only of the Advertisements, but the outward appearance of the Electropathic Belts also, and these counterfeit Belts being dangerous and disappointing imitations, we wish the public to note the ONLY ADDRESS of our Company, as even the name of the Company has been grossly pirated.

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**SLEEPLESSNESS.**—The Rt. Hon. LORD BYRON says that "Harness' Electropathic Belt is invaluable for sleeplessness."

**RHEUMATIC GOUT.**—Major Pakenham, Longstone House, Arundel, writes:—"Your Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of Rheumatic Gout."

**DYSTRIA.**—Mrs. M. Oriel, 8, Berry Square, Dowlais, writes:—"The Belt has done wonders."

**LUMBAGO.**—J. B. Carne, Station Master, L. & S.C. Ry., Clapham Junction, S.W., writes:—"I have derived great benefit from wearing your Electropathic Belt. The lumbago and pains in my back have both ceased."

**RHEUMATIC FEVER.**—Dr. C. Lempiere, D.C.L., Senior Fellow St. John's College, Oxford, writes:—"I can speak positively of its advantages."

**SCIATICA.**—Mr. R. F. Watson, Proprietor "Harwich Free Press," Harwich, writes:—"Harness' Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of Sciatic."

**PARALYSIS.**—Mrs. Hawkey, 43, Naylor Street, Caledonian Road, London, N., writes:—"Harness' Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of the extreme debility and exhaustion from which I suffered, accompanied at times by painful hysteria, consequent upon defective circulation and peccolite irregularity. Mine is a remarkable recovery."

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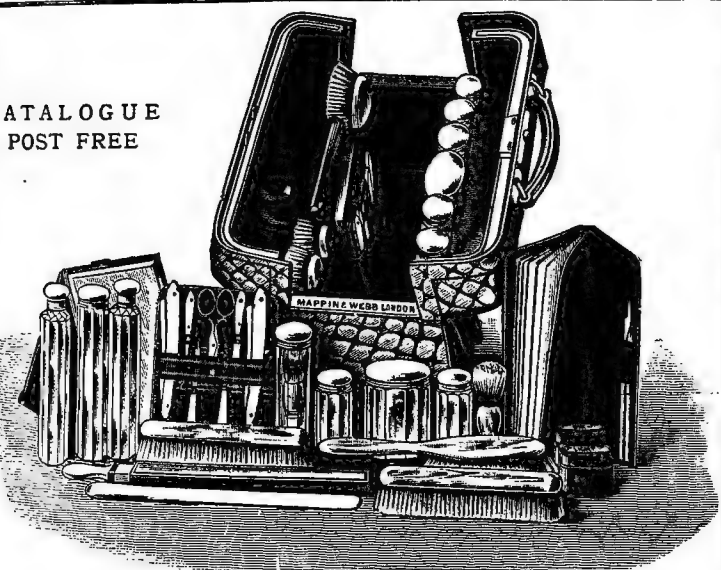
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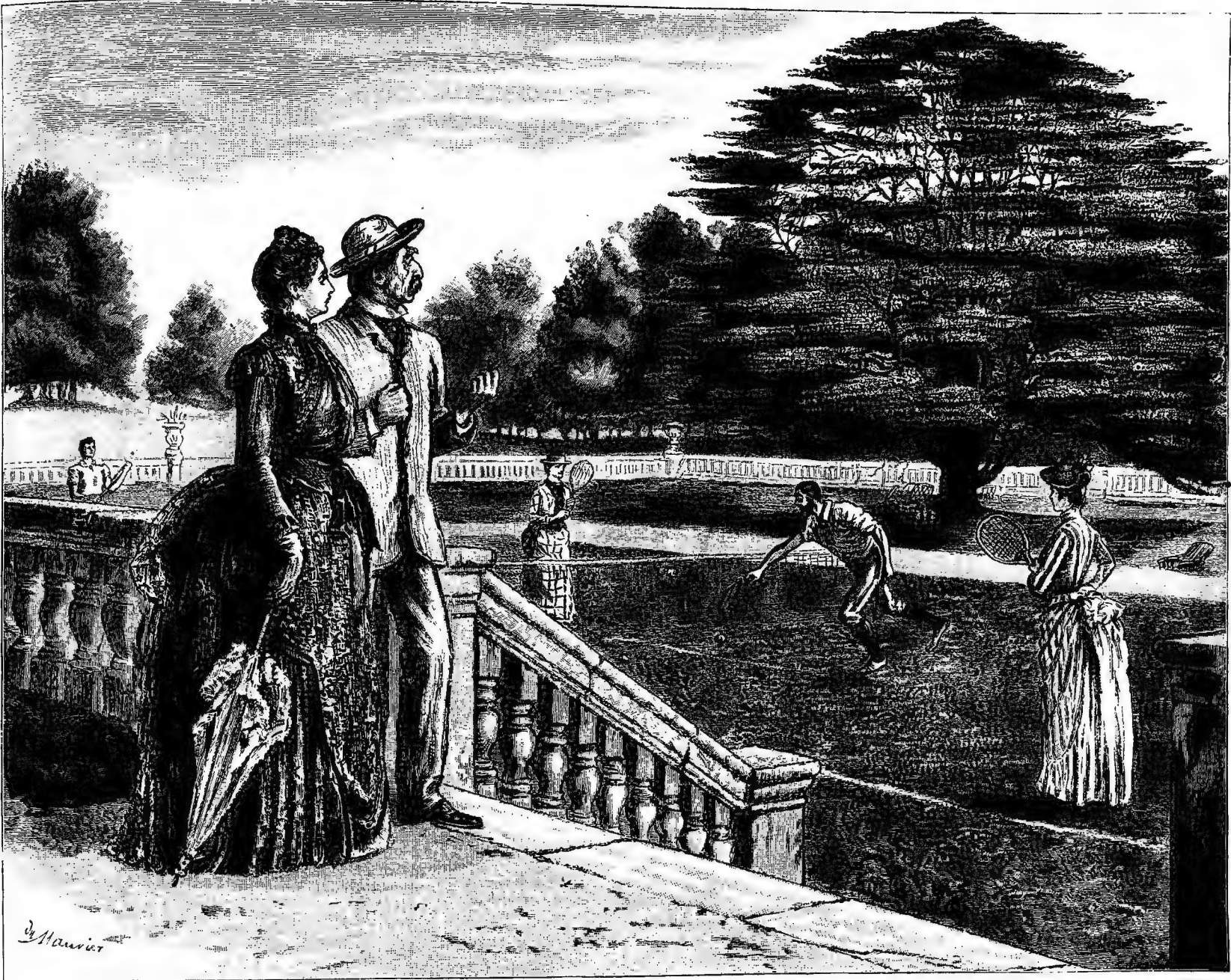
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DRAWN BY GEORGE DU MAURIER

"I suppose the young doctor will marry her, eh?"

# THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "UNDER ONE ROOF," &amp;C., &amp;C.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE PROMISE

It was not, perhaps, to Lady Trevor's disadvantage, as regarded the keeping secret her own affairs, that she had shown some signs of temper at the error into which Farmer Austin had fallen in taking her younger offspring for her son and heir. It was upon the whole in accordance with the general view of what was fitting in a lady of birth and rank that, being annoyed (as she well might be), she should show her annoyance; a circumstance which was the less to be regretted since, from the glances she cast at Mr. Morris, it was evident that she held him responsible for the *fiasco*. The agent was very far from being a popular man, and to have seen him snubbed in public would have been more welcome to many of that festive throng than "bread and circuses." Lady Trevor, however, had no such Machiavellian intention in her ire; though unable to restrain it, she imagined, on the contrary, its expression to be harmful to the part she had to play, which embittered her still more against the delinquent. As in duty bound, he accompanied herself and Sir Richard when they retired from the tent, and she hardly waited till they were out of earshot of the crowd to speak her mind.

"It seems to me very strange, Mr. Morris, that you should not have taken the trouble to inform, at all events, the chief members of our little community, that my son Hugh was not at present of our party."

"My dear madam," returned the agent in a tone which, though respectful, was anything but servile, "I had really not the time to do it. Mr. Hugh, as you yourself gave me to understand, and not Mr. Charles, was to have accompanied you to-day, and I could not tell that the young gentleman had changed his mind at the last moment."

"It was not convenient to him to come," returned her ladyship haughtily. "I suppose my son was under no obligation, legal or otherwise, to be at Mirbridge by a certain date."

"Not at all, madam; and I regret the mistake which, however, I must needs say was none of my making."

"Upon my word, I think Mr. Morris in the right, my dear," interposed Sir Richard. "Hugh promised to come with us, and then threw us over for his friend Mr. Gurdon; if Charles had not altered his own plans to suit ours, we should have had to come alone."

Mr. Morris smiled and opened his ample chest six inches wider by throwing out his arms as though he should say, "There you have it, you see, in a nutshell."

"There were two hours to spare, during which a message could easily have been despatched to the Four Acre," observed Lady Trevor coldly.

"I really did not feel that the matter was of such importance," said the land agent apologetically.

"Then you ought to have felt it, Mr. Morris. Surely it was of some consequence that our neighbours should have known whom they were welcoming."

"It was clear they were pleased with Charley, at all events," observed Sir Richard.

If this remark was intended to be conciliatory, it failed in its effect.

"That is not the point at all, Richard," answered her ladyship with emphasis. "Their relations with him, whatever they may be, are of small consequence in comparison with his elder brother, who at some future, though I hope long-distant time, will stand in the same position to them as yourself. The hand-and-glove fashion with which Charles is accustomed to treat everybody is not what would be befitting in his brother's case, and may even already have aroused an unreasonable expectation."

"Oh, they'll find out the difference between him and Charley quick enough, you may depend upon that, my dear," said the Baronet drily.

Lady Trevor bit her lip, but made no reply. The three walked on together in silence through the shrubbery and up to the Court, when the agent said:—

"Will it be convenient to you, Sir Richard, to give your attention to a few matters of business to-day, or shall we say some other time?"

"Oh, another time," was the precipitate reply; "I have had quite enough of work already."

"Still I think you had better name a day, Richard," remarked his wife. "You can hardly expect Mr. Morris to come to the Court on the chance of your being disposed to go into his affairs; or perhaps it would save time and trouble, before discussing them, if he was to send you such accounts as may be necessary."

"To be sure; a capital plan," cried Sir Richard, to whom business matters were always hateful. "Just send them, Morris."

"But some of them will require explanation, Sir Richard," remonstrated the agent.

"They certainly will, if I am to understand them," laughed the baronet; "my wife here, however, is a capital woman of business, are you not, Nannie?"

"I don't pretend to be any such thing, Richard," she answered quietly, "but I don't mind trouble."

"And I do, Morris, and that's the long and the short of it," said the baronet. "So send what you have to send, and after I have taken counsel's opinion," here he nodded towards his wife, "we will send for you."

"As you please, sir," answered the agent; "of course you are master here, so far as I am concerned at least. Good morning, madam."

"That was a parting shot he took at you, by jingo," said Sir Richard, looking after his legal adviser as he made his way to the stables, "and, indeed, at me as well. I am afraid you have not made a favourable impression on Morris, Nannie."

"He has not made a favourable impression on me," she answered, "but very much the reverse. He is a very impertinent fellow."

"You remember him, then?"

"I do not think I ever saw him before."

"So much the better, since he cannot remember you. I am afraid, however, you have made an enemy of him."

"If so, I am sorry for it. I cannot regret, however, what I said to him."

"I suppose not," said Sir Richard, drily. "The poor man did not know on what a tender spot he touched."

"I really don't understand you, Richard."

"Come, come, that is affection. The fact is, none of this unpleasantness would have come about but for your son Hugh."

"And is he not your son also?"

"Of course he is; but he is not my idol. I see what is amiss in him, which you never can do. Why the deuce could he not come down here, as it was his duty to do, with his father and mother? He thinks of nothing but himself and his pleasures. What is Mr. Gurdon to him, or he to Mr. Gurdon, that he should wait till that gentleman was at leisure to accompany him?"

"I will write and say that he had better not bring Mr. Gurdon."

"That is so like you," answered the baronet angrily. "You lose not only your temper, when one word is said against the boy, but even your natural intelligence. What does it matter whether his friend comes here or not, now that the mischief is done? I don't mean to say that there has been mischief, mind," he added in more quiet tones; "but, from your manner, there would seem to have been a great deal. Mr. Morris will naturally ask himself, 'What is all this fuss about just because one young man has been mistaken for another? There must be a screw loose somewhere,' he will say."

"Oh, Richard, what have I done?" cried Lady Trevor, turning deadly pale.

"Nothing, nothing, my dear," he answered kindly, taking her arm and passing it within his own. "Let us take a turn on the terrace before going indoors. You are not fit to face the servants. I again repeat that, in my opinion, no harm has been done; but you have shown great imprudence. A rope is only as strong as its weakest point; and what is the use of your setting a guard on yourself everywhere save just where danger threatens?"



"Forgive me, Richard, dear; it shall not happen again."

"I have nothing to forgive you, Nannie, quite the contrary; though that is all past and gone, except the consequences."

She trembled so excessively that he led her to a seat close by, and sat down by her side. It was under one of the windows of the library, which had access farther on, by a flight of steps, to the terrace, and on these they both mechanically fixed their eyes.

How often, in old times, had she tripped down them with light tread to meet him in the sequestered bowling-green below! How often had he watched there for her coming! What thrills had passed through him as the sound of the opening window, of the flutter of her dress, of her footfall on the gravel, fell on his listening ear! What memories of bliss and fear haunted them both! Beneath them lay the garden and the moat, and beyond, the far-stretching park, with its wooded knolls, around which the deer were feeding. No eye could look upon such a spectacle without the thought, "This is, in truth, a goodly heritage;" and it occurred to Sir Richard now, but without the natural accompaniment, "and it is all my own." What was even more strange, the reflection that he would soon have to leave it (of which he was well persuaded), was also absent. At the moment, to do him justice, he was not thinking of himself at all.

"How charmingly the bells sound, Richard!" said Lady Trevor, softly. At the conclusion of the festivities in the Four Acre, they had once more been set agoing, and combined with the quiet beauty of the landscape, as harmoniously "as the voice with the instrument."

"They are the marriage bells, Nannie," was the grave reply; "but this is the first time they have rung for us."

"Great Heaven, do I not know it?" was the passionate rejoinder, all the more deep and significant that it was spoken beneath her breath.

"I did not mention it to grieve you, Nannie," was his tender reply, "nor to blame myself. It is not one of those misfortunes that disappear by dwelling upon them. Still, I wish to say a few words about it for the last time."

"You told me," she whispered, catching her breath with pain, and looking unutterably distressed, "that the last time was to be the last."

"I did. It is not the first time that I have broken my word to you."

"Oh, Richard," she answered, "why speak of it? Have I not forgiven you long ago?"

"Yes; I wish I could forgive myself as easily—but let that pass. What has happened to-day is only a specimen of what may take place any day or every day. Does it never strike you that we are treading the flowery path which leads to the eternal bonfire?"

The expression on the speaker's face was most curious—all its natural indifference was gone; he looked not only earnest but apprehensive. The likeness to his father's face, as portrayed after his so-called conversion, was very striking; it revealed that strain of religious feeling that was always mixed with the wild blood of the Trevors.

"I am not afraid," said his companion, scornfully—almost defiantly.

"Not for yourself, I am well aware," he answered. His tone had a touch of bitterness, which, however, escaped her.

"No, nor for others," she replied, with vehemence. "What we do is for the sake of the innocent, not for ourselves. It is the only reparation we can make for the wrong that has been done him; we do him right to whom the Law would do a wrong. He does no wrong, nor dreams of doing one."

"I see: when you say 'others,' you mean Hugh only."

The speaker's brow was dark, he withdrew the hand that, up to that moment, had been clasped in that of his companion.

She seized it again, and clung to it passionately, though it lay in her grasp without response.

"Oh Richard, do not forsake me; I have never reproached you; the reparation that you have so often promised is not to me."

"Again you are thinking of Hugh," was the stern reply.

"No, no," she answered with distressful haste, "or, if I was, it was only in connection with yourself. If there is blame in what we do—and I say there is no blame—upon me, great Heaven," and she looked up to the blue sky appealingly, "upon me, and me alone, be the punishment."

"Unhappily even you, madam, cannot dictate to Providence. I am answerable for my own share in the matter."

"You speak of it as if it were a crime," she replied reproachfully.

"And is it not a crime to deprive one's own flesh and blood of what is his due? I am nearer Death than you are, Nannie, and see clearer into these things."

"On the contrary, Richard, your ill-health—which I deplore above all things, but which I both hope and believe you exaggerate—causes you to take a morbid view of things. Is it a crime to repair our own wrong to another in the only way that is left open to us? a crime to redress an unjust law? I am content to rest my cause upon that ground alone, before the tribunal of high Heaven."

"And Charles?"

"Charles is conscious of no wrong, and therefore suffers none. You say he has a noble nature; and I acknowledge it. Would he thank you then for the inheritance of these acres at the cost of the revelation of his mother's shame?"

"That is true enough," muttered Sir Richard; "the alternative, however, ought to be offered him."

"Why, there is no alternative, for if once revealed the shame would cling to him whether he accepted the sacrifice or not."

"Your logic is good, but it only makes Charles' case the harder. Is he to be a pauper, while Hugh takes all—and what is by rights belonging to Charles?"

"The 'by rights' is all the other way, Richard; and why should Charles be left a pauper; he will not be rich, of course—"

"At least, Nannie, let us not deceive ourselves," put in the Baronet sternly; "you know that I have saved no money, and at whose door it lies that I have been unable to do so. Not content with robbing Charles of his birthright"—here Lady Trevor's face became scarlet—"well, it is not fair to say that, I own, since he is unaware of his own wrongdoing—but in addition to depriving him of what is due to him by law, Hugh has by his extravagance actually dissipated the small means which would otherwise have been Charles' portion; he knows that, at all events, since he is aware that I cannot raise money upon the estate. He is cognisant too of my state of health, and that there is not time for retrenchment on my part; in fact, his behaviour is as selfish and cruel—"

"Hush, hush!" interrupted Lady Trevor, pleadingly, "you are looking at it from your own standpoint, as though he knew all. I will speak to Hugh; I will entreat him to be more moderate in his expenses, I will even urge upon him the propriety of making provision for poor Charles."

"The 'propriety'! That will not move him much," returned Sir Richard, scornfully; "if, indeed, you could show him the necessity. However, it is no use talking about it. Let us go in."

"Not yet," answered Lady Trevor, in a voice so hoarse and harsh that it was difficult to recognise it as her own. "Look me in the face, Richard, before you go, and swear to me that you have no design in your mind that you dare not speak of. You have, you have!"

"What can you possibly mean, Nannie?" he answered, in a tone of astonishment that was, however, but ill-sustained. "What design can I have?"

"I will tell you. This woman, you are saying to yourself, is altogether blinded and deceived in her elder son. She not only credits him with virtues he does not possess, but with a devoted affection for herself of which he is utterly incapable. If I were to tell him the whole truth of the matter, with the threat of its being disclosed to others, in case he does not act generously in the future towards his brother, it will not break his heart. Upon your honour, were you not thinking of some such scheme, Richard?"

He did not answer, but with downcast eyes and frowning brow picked to pieces the flower in his button-hole.

"Do not trouble yourself to deny it," she exclaimed. "I am not so credulous as you once knew me to be. Not so credulous, perhaps, as you think I am, even in the case of my poor boy. It is possible that the information you design to give him will not as you say, break his heart; but," she added in broken and distressful tones, "it will break mine. To feel that my Hugh knew—no, I could not survive it. Ah, Richard, Richard!" she cried with emphatic entreaty, "if one spark of that love for me remains in you which was once your poor excuse—and, alas! mine also—for the sin which is now visited upon our offspring, I pray you spare me this second shame. Promise me, promise me, that you will not tell Hugh!"

Sir Richard was greatly moved. He was deeply attached to his wife, and the plea on which she had just laid such stress was one the strength of which he could never ignore. On the other hand, he was angry that his scheme had been detected, exposed, and defeated.

"There, there," he cried with a sort of petulant tenderness, "I will not tell him; that I swear to you. You have got your way, as you always do. But remember, you have no longer the right to reproach me; whatever may have been at one time your self-sacrifice, the obligation is henceforth upon the other side; since for your sake I peril my soul."

She might, not without reason, have urged that she, too, was risking that also; but she felt too grateful for his surrender to dispute the matter: moreover, she had a shrewd suspicion as to what was at the bottom of Sir Richard's thoughts. When we do amiss in our youth it is only with the fear of the consequences in this world before our eyes; and even now it seemed to Sir Richard that his wife being well and strong, and only in middle life, had not the same cause for fear of the future that was agitating his own mind. Death, of course, is to all a terrible certainty; but its aspect to those who stand near it is very different from that which it presents to the onlooker from afar.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### SETTLING DOWN

THE cry with which it was once the wont of a great party "to go to the country" was "Retrenchment and Reform," two rather difficult things to carry politically, but socially almost impossible. There is nothing more easy for a man in apparently good circumstances than to economise upon an extensive scale; he can dispose of his country house, and exchange his town residence for a smaller one, or for one in a less fashionable locality; he can put down his carriage and horses and discharge his men-servants, but the change must be thorough and complete. It is no use hanging on to the old system, and saving a ten-pound note here and another there, for at the most only a few hundreds a year will be saved, and that at the cost of great discomfort. That it is much more pleasant to live on small means with a margin than on a nominally large income, with "cutting and contriving" to make both ends meet, is what no one who understands the science of life will dispute. But the latter course seems often forced upon us, and sometimes really is so.

Sir Richard Trevor was in this unhappy position. In the matter of expenses he was tied to the stake—the stake he had in the county—and must needs stand the course. He could not dispose of an acre of land, and while in the occupation of the Court, could hardly live like a gentleman farmer, even had he wished to do so. It is true he might openly have stated, "I am saving money for my younger son, who has no portion," but it was obviously unwise to set people talking upon such a subject, and saving, which comes so easy to some folks, was not in Sir Richard's line. He had made his protest, as we have seen, on behalf of Charles, and, having done his best (as he flattered himself) and failed, there was nothing for it but to trust to his wife's promise to appeal to Hugh's generosity. His conscience, which was very intermittent in its action, was for the present, at all events, appeased. Upon the whole, it was perhaps a relief to him that things were to go on as they were; he was not going to die, as more than one of his ancestors would have expressed it, to-day, nor probably to-morrow, and even when he should die, considerable allowance would surely be made for a person of landed property placed in so peculiar a position. As for retrenchment, was he to leave his twenty-stall stable empty, buy a steady cob for himself, and send his wife abroad (like "clothes going to the wash," as some one had called it) in a basket-chaise drawn by a Shetland pony? Such a course of conduct would be incongruous, inappropriate, and, above all, inconvenient. Suppose he adopted it—tried it for a couple of years, and saved as many thousand pounds, what would be the use of such a sum as a provision for Charles?

So the Court had been once more provided, through Mr. Morris, with the means of locomotion to which it had been accustomed of yore—carriage and horses for its master and mistress, and other horses for the young gentlemen and for a friend or two who might be staying with them, and a pony-carriage of the last new design for her ladyship. The spacious cellars needed no new stocking, but only required a brick wall here and there to be broken down, on the other side of which lay treasures, not increased, indeed, but more valuable than had been originally deposited there. The first invitation to dinner at the Court was looked forward to by heads of families, not averse with mere curiosity, and to whom a ten-mile drive out and in was generally ill-compensated for by any profusion of hospitality. It was not, however, Sir Richard's place to begin; the calls of ceremony were not yet over: and in most cases—such as at Catesby Hall—it was thought judicious to delay any feast-giving to the new-comers till their party was joined by the elder son. In the meantime the Trevors settled into their places quietly enough.

Mr. Thorne was delighted with his new parishioners, though the attraction of their presence at church considerably exceeded that of what he considered his best sermon, which he had expressly composed for the occasion. Every eye was fixed upon the lord of the manor's family pew, unfortunately a very high one, so that the humble folks in the gallery had for once an advantage of their betters. The report of her ladyship's behaviour was most satisfactory to all good church-goers. So far from exhibiting the ignorance that might have been expected in a benighted foreigner, she knew exactly where to look for everything—even for the Baptismal Service that was interpolated, as it often was at Mirbridge, in the afternoon. It was noticed that, though she did not sing, she paid a good deal of attention to the psalmody, and especially to the voices of the children under Miss Yorke's control.

Sir Richard, on the other hand, seemed a little astray: his persevering search for the Collect of the day was not rewarded until the Epistle and Gospel had both been disposed of; and during the sermon his eyes were observed to be fast closed—it was hoped, but hardly believed—in reverential reflection. Those of his son, on the contrary, wandered from the pulpit in the direction of the Rector's pew; and much contention therefore arose as to which of the two young ladies who sat with their mother had attracted his

gaze. On the whole, the verdict of the church-going public upon the family was favourable.

Mr. Smug, on his part, had nothing to complain of; he had had no expectation that he would include any of the tenants of the Court in his little fold, and was, therefore, not disappointed; while he received ample assurance that the same stipend which had been conferred upon him by Sir Marmaduke would be continued by his son. He was obliged to confess that there was a good deal of "the old man" about Sir Richard (indeed, his views upon matters of faith, as occasionally disclosed, appeared to be of the crudest kind); a good deal of "the young man" in Master Charles, whose character was pronounced to be peculiar; and very little of "the new man" in either of them; but Mr. Smug had been prepared for these things.

The Court and the Rectory were in a few days on the best of terms, that is to say, on very easy ones. Mr. Thorne and Sir Richard had had several walks together, which had convinced them both that, though they had not a single idea in common, they had no antagonism for one another.

Mrs. Thorne had accompanied Lady Trevor in her drives about the parish, recommending the more worthy of her poorer neighbours to her favour, and touching as lightly as possible upon the shortcomings of those of whom she disapproved. Her ladyship showed a kindly interest in every one, and asked so many questions about them that her companion protested that, before a month was out, she would not only know her way about the parish as well as herself, but would be on the same footing with the people themselves. It was difficult to baulk her curiosity even when, as on one occasion, Mrs. Thorne would gladly have done so if she could.

They were driving alone, as usual, by an outlying portion of the parish called the Spinnies, from the number of little cosses it contained, when they met a young girl neatly dressed, with a basket of flowers in her hand, upon her way to the village. She was so pretty and bright-looking that she might have sat for a picture of Red Riding Hood, save for her age, which was nearly twenty.

"What a lovely girl!" exclaimed Lady Trevor, as they drew nearer.

"Yes; and she is as good as she is pretty," was the enthusiastic reply. Then suddenly Mrs. Thorne stopped herself, and pointing to a by-road in the wood upon her right, hastily observed, "I think you will find this our shortest way, Lady Trevor."

"But I must see this charming creature," answered her ladyship, reining in her pony. "I did not notice her in church last Sunday. Who is she?"

"She lives a long way off, and Sunday, you remember, was wet," was the evasive rejoinder. Then, as the girl came up, "How are you, Jenny?"

The colour came into Jenny's face at being thus taken notice of before "the great lady," making her look more lovely than before. She dropped a curtsy that for simple grace would have put the Queen's drawing-room to shame, and answered, "Nicely, thank you, ma'am."

"If those eggs are not bespoke, I should like to buy them," said Lady Trevor, kindly.

"They are yours already, my lady," was the smiling reply, "I am taking them to Mrs. Grange at the Court." Here the speaker blushed again, but much more deeply, as though she had stolen the commodities in question. Her confusion did not escape Lady Trevor, but its significance was assisted by a gentle nudge from her companion's elbow.

"Then I shall see you again, my lass, for I shall be home as soon as you are," said her ladyship, smiling and driving on.

"What is the mystery about her?" she inquired, as the carriage turned into the wood. "Nothing to her discredit, I am sure, or I will never believe in faces again."

"No discredit at all; but she is very shy, and the fact is that she is engaged to be married to the housekeeper's only son, which made her a little alarmed at you. The matter was difficult to explain, for the young man had apparently deserted her, and was supposed to have enlisted, whereas his absence has now been satisfactorily accounted for, and he is coming home, having obtained a situation which will permit of his early marriage. Her father does not bear a good character, I am sorry to say, and it will be a great relief to me to see her happily settled and in good hands."

"Well, I hope Sir Richard will be able to do something for the young couple. But you have not told me the girl's name."

"Did I not? Well, it does not much signify, as she is so soon to change it, and, moreover, every one knows her as Jenny; but her name is Beeton."

This then was Lady Trevor's niece, of whose existence she had just heard for the first time—the child of her dissolute brother, the future daughter-in-law of her own housekeeper! What new complications, what new dangers might not flow from this unexpected source! Luckily, Mrs. Thorne, who had her own reasons for not pursuing the subject, studiously kept her eyes away from her companion, lest she should read something of apprehension in them. She could not help speaking of the Beetons—the name had been wrung from her—and it was possible enough that Lady Trevor had never heard of them, but still she might have done so. Fortunately her ladyship took a much longer round than usual, so that she was not at home, as she had promised herself to be, before Jenny had left the Court. It need scarcely be said that the subject was not again referred to by either of the two ladies.

The growing intimacy between the old folks, or of those who by comparison may be called so, at the Court and Rectory, was even exceeded by that between the young ones. Charles made himself quite at home at the Thorne's, and on more than one occasion the two girls had come to the great house at his invitation, and played tennis in the moat garden with him and Dr. Wood. They made a very handsome "Foursome," as it would have been called further north.

Dr. Wood was a tall, thin, delicate fellow, with a thoughtful face; he looked like a musician and a genius, though, as a matter of fact, he was neither the one nor the other. But his eyes were keen as well as fine, and his long reach gave him a great advantage with the racket. This was fortunate, for otherwise the match would not have been a fair one, as Lucy, who was always Charles' partner, was a player very superior to her sister. "The Duchess" would have become any Court but the tennis court, which demands movements not always consistent with dignity.

Sir Richard and his wife would sometimes walk together in the afternoon on the terrace from which a view of the game could be obtained.

"What a pretty creature one would think Miss Lucy to be," he said, "if it were not that she had a sister."

"Do you think so?" was the indifferent rejoinder.

"What! You are surely not going to tell me that Clara yonder is only a man's beauty?" said Sir Richard, contemptuously; "that would be a woman's reply, indeed. I should have thought you had more sense."

"I was only referring to the former portion of your remark," answered Lady Trevor, quietly, "that which referred to Lucy. As to Clara Thorne, I think she is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen."

"Come that's honest. As a reward for such nobility of spirit, I will qualify my admiration, and say the most beautiful girl I have seen these twenty years."

She smiled faintly, and pressed his arm.

"I suppose the young doctor will marry her, eh? He is a deuced handsome fellow, to whom any girl is likely to say 'Yes.'"



"I am afraid not," was her mechanical reply.  
 "Afraid! Why should you be afraid?" he answered gravely.  
 "What does it matter whether she says 'No' or 'Yes'?"  
 "I am only pitying poor Mr. Wood. That girl will never marry a country doctor, Richard; she will fly at higher game."  
 "You alarm me, in my turn; surely not at Charles, my dear? That would never do."  
 "You need be under no apprehension of any such catastrophe," was the quiet rejoinder.  
 "I am glad to hear you say so, for you have a quicker eye than mine in such matters. Only I noticed this morning that Master Charles was riding the new mare with a side-saddle, and had a habit on, which I thought looked suspicious. Young men don't take such trouble for nothing you know; and he was not breaking in the horse for you, I suppose."  
 "Charles is very good-natured, and I daresay one of the Rectory girls has expressed a wish for a ride; as for Clara, I have watched them narrowly, and am convinced that Charles' regard for her is quite platonic."  
 "I don't much believe in the platonic affection of young men," observed Sir Richard, and there he stopped. It was an observation he felt that might have taken its place in the catalogue of things one would rather not have said.  
 "Hugh writes me this morning that he is coming down to-morrow with his friend Mr. Gordon," observed Lady Trevor, after a little pause.  
 "Indeed; I shall believe it when I see them," replied Sir Richard drily, "he has already promised us the pleasure of his presence three times."  
 Lady Trevor blushed to her forehead; it was on the tip of her tongue to say, "There is at all events one person whom he has not disappointed by his delay," but she restrained herself.  
 "Mr. Gordon had some work to do," she answered gently, "which took him longer than he expected, and Hugh has been waiting for it to be finished."  
 "Very considerate and unselfish of him, no doubt," replied Sir Richard drily; "I hope he will display the same qualities when he comes down to Mirbridge."  
 Even to that she answered nothing, and when presently Charles called out merrily from below, "Can we have our tea and cake down here, mother?" she replied, "Surely, my dear," and not only gave the necessary orders, but joined the little party over their repast, and dispensed the viands, while her husband smoked his cigar with complacent calm.

(To be continued)



THE "Alpha van het Alphabet der Kleuren" (Folmer, Groningen) reminds us how far fewer are the Englishmen who speak Dutch than the Dutchmen who speak English. The sixty sheets of illustrations contain every contrast and combination of colour drawn with the most perfect precision. Many of them illustrate in the happiest way the common facts of chromaticism, iridescence, and polarity. We are continually reminded of M. Chevreul; but here there is more diagram and less letterpress than in the great Frenchman's books. The author, Herr N. Folmer, is, we suppose, a brother of the publisher.

Of course, the idea of polarity, *i.e.*, of opposite properties in opposite directions, though superficially manifested only in magnetism and electricity, belongs also to optics and to the higher generalisations of chemistry. Mr. A. Young would extend it to mind and its processes, carrying out the principle which Coleridge, with his "Objective and Subjective," kept dinning into his listeners' ears. Thought and its expression can, if we will, be arranged "diagrammatically;" the only question is, Is it worth doing? Are we helped in doing our duty, or in determining what it is in cases of conscience, by convincing ourselves that civilisation is the negative and reformation the positive pole of the primary or spirit axis, patience and perseverance holding the same relative positions in the secondary or mind axis? Of course it is true (as displayed in Mr. Young's diagram) that perseverance in reformation through patience leads to civilisation, and that well-ordered endeavour through Utopias leads to success. And doubtless on some minds a series of moral-social-political mariners' compasses will produce a greater effect than a set of terse and eloquent sermonettes. To such we heartily recommend the "Axial-Polarity of Man's Word-embodied Ideas, and its Teachings" (Kegan Paul). We have looked through his book with great and growing interest—the quotations from Mill, Herbert Spencer, Tayler Lewis's Plato, &c., are in themselves a feast—and we can unhesitatingly say that the book stands as far above many of the treatises in which metaphysics and morals are jumbled together in equally nebulous style, as the late Professor De Morgan's "Formal Logic," with its coloured diagrams, surpasses some of the old Oxford-helps (?) to understanding Aldrich's "Ars Instrumentalis."

There is nothing in "The Court and Reign of Francis I." (Bentley) to indicate that these three volumes are a reprint of Miss Pardoe's well-known work of nearly forty years ago. We are glad to have the book just as it was. It takes us back even beyond its own first appearance, to the time when, with more knowledge of harem life than any Englishwoman since Lady Wortley Montagu, Miss Pardoe wrote her deservedly popular "City of the Sultan." A history has a different look now, with its footnotes and references and *pieces justificatives*; but many a modern historian may envy Miss Pardoe's graphic style, while in real accuracy and thoroughness of research she almost equals Miss Strickland. She succeeded in dethroning Francis from his traditional position. Instead of a Royal Bayard, he is seen to be the selfish voluptuary (with no redeeming feature but courage) whom Victor Hugo gibbets in *Le Roi s'Amuse*. Indeed, Francis loses at least as much in her pages as Henry VIII. gains in Mr. Froude's, even in the opinion of that writer himself. The wonder is how France could have survived a set of kings of whom Francis was certainly not the worst.

The Rev. G. Jenyns quite believes, with Virgil, that bees have a share of the Higher Intelligence! They know—we are afraid to say how much he thinks they know. The young queen is murderously jealous from her birth, going about like a baby Queen Eleanor to destroy possible rivals. This the workers allow her to do if their numbers are small, but if the hive is strong enough for a swarm they restrain her so effectually that, baulked of her revenge, she breaks away at the head of her partisans. Altogether there seems as much *nous* in a bee as would suffice to raise a megatherium six or eight steps in the scale of beings. To the Darwinian difficulty must be that, having gone so far, bees have not got still further. Why so silly, for instance, as to die in inflicting a wound? A bee with retractile sting (wasp-fashion), would have a manifest advantage over others. Alas, here sex, the pivot of the Darwinian system, comes in; the working (and stinging) bee is exiles; how then can heredity affect them? Mr. Jenyns' book (introduced by Baroness Burdett Coutts) may be read with real pleasure, even by those who don't go in for bee culture. He has in his "Book about Bees" (Wells Gardner) made a hackneyed subject interesting.

Mr. Charles White's "Manual of Elementary Microscopical Manipulation" (Roper and Drowley) gives clear practical rules for mounting objects (opaque and transparent), section cutting (explaining the microtome), staining tissue, &c., followed by an admirable chapter on photo-micrography. Seldom has so much really useful matter been packed into so small a volume.

We quite agree with the authoress of "From Over the Tomb" (James Burns) that "very few of the things believed in as really necessary to salvation are so;" and also that to a great extent "all are formed by their environment." On this fact she bases her Universalist belief, describing with enviable assurance the after states of various classes of spirits. Happy will those readers be whom she is able to inspire with her own firm faith.

As orthodox as "From Over the Tomb" is heterodox, is the Rev. C. R. Ball's "Dispensation of the Spirit" (S.P.C.K.). Mr. Ball has not only gone to Professor Westcott (the "Christus Consummator"), but also to Cardinal Manning ("Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost"), and even to the late Professor F. D. Maurice, &c. He has three remarkable chapters, scholarly yet "popular," on the Eternal Precession.

The Rev. P. G. Medd prints in one small volume "An Office of Prayer for the Use of the Clergy" along with "The Country Clergyman's Ideal" (S.P.C.K.). The latter title he gives to the "Pastoral Allusions in Keble's 'Christian Year.'" He has made an excellent use of a book too much neglected by the clergy of this generation.

Those who know how hard it is to give "a class of girls" any definite religious teaching, or, indeed, anything except a "goody" story, will be grateful for Miss E. M. Poole's "Sunday Evening Lessons" (S.P.C.K.). They cannot fail to rouse thought even in the most careless.

Fully as useful as Miss Poole's book, and considerably larger, is Miss E. Lewis's "Great Truths and Holy Lives" (S.P.C.K.). It does not give, as the title suggests, holy lives as teaching great truths, but enforces from great truths the duty of making our lives holy. Nevertheless, the Christmas lesson is the story of Effie Deans and that of the relief of Derry combined. The lessons, which range from Advent to Trinity, were designed for girls' classes, but may easily be adapted to mother's meetings, &c.

We are glad to believe, from "Sermons for the People, Two Series" (S.P.C.K.), that the practice is gaining ground of choosing the text from Epistle or Gospel. It seems invidious to mention some without naming all, but we do so without in the least hinting that the Revs. H. Wilmot Burton, P. Young, W. G. Abbott, and Archdeacon Buchanan are better than the other contributors to these volumes.

"Bishop Cotton, of India," deserves to rank among Mission Heroes (S.P.C.K.). This little tract is abridged from Mrs. Cotton's Memoir.

In "The Church and Her Ministry" (S.P.C.K.) the Rev. E. J. Boyce appears to be carrying out the wish, lately expressed in Convocation, that something more definitely "churchy" should be added to the Church Catechism. It is, of course, well that Church people should be able to answer the question: "Why are you a member of the Church of England?"

We are glad that in "The Lord's Prayer Simply Explained" (S.P.C.K.) the Rev. T. White contrasts the old reverence which shrank from addressing God with the modern way of "gabbling off the most solemn forms of prayer with less consideration than men give to their equals." His little book is likely to force his readers to think what they are saying.

Emily Orr's "Golden Year" (S.P.C.K.) is a graceful collection of prose and verse thoughts for every month, original and selected. Some of the verses are very pretty; for instance:—

"For," said the child, "the life God planned  
 I neither know nor understand;  
 God loves me, and I hold His hand."

Lord Hatherley's "Continuity of Scripture" (S.P.C.K.) sums up the testimony of Our Lord, and of the Evangelists and Apostles, first to the Old Testament as a whole, and then to the various books severally. The object of the book is "simply devotional," but the preface contains a thorough setting forth of the Historical, Moral, and Spiritual Unity of the Bible. Lord Hatherley acknowledges how much he owes to Mr. Turpin's "Old Testament in the New."

Rev. U. Z. Ruler's "Parents' Manual for the Religious Training of Children" (Wells Gardner) contains morning and evening hymns, prayers for all occasions, an explanation of the Lord's Prayer, and earnest appeals to parents to consider their responsibilities.

The second volume of the "History of the County Palatine and Duchy of Lancaster" (Heywood, Manchester and London) opens with the account of Manchester parish. It contains plans of Manicunium and engravings of antiquities found chiefly in Castlefield. The barbarous effacing (to prevent worry from antiquarian visitors) of the figures carved on Ordsall Rock makes us regret the too tardy passing of Sir J. Lubbock's Bill. The drawing of the Rock preserved among Mr. T. Barritt's MSS. in the Chatham Library gives a very vague idea of the work.

We have also received "An Old-World Story," "Pagan Pearls," by Anne C. Randell (Elliot Stock), "The Hundredth Man," by Frank R. Stockton (Sampson Low and Co.), "The Revised Edition of the Bible for 1885, and of the New Testament for 1881" (Oxford University Press), "The Cricket on the Hearth," by Charles Dickens, and "Gray's Poems" (Routledge's Pocket Library), "Harold" and "A Strange Story" (Lord Lytton's Novels—Pocket Volume Edition), "Essays," by W. M. Praed, and "Traditional Tales," by Allan Cunningham (Morley's Universal Library) (George Routledge and Sons), "Neera," by John W. Graham, "Ramona," by Helen Jackson, "A Country Gentleman and His Family," by Mrs. Oliphant (Macmillan and Co.), and a capitally illustrated edition of "Springhaven," by R. D. Blackmore (Sampson Low and Co.).

### THE ISLE OF WIGHT IN THE WINTER

LIKE most people, I have often visited the Isle of Wight in the summer, when Ryde and Cowes are crowded with gay craft, but the idea occurred to me that we might go all over it in the closing days of last December. I feel that one must travel about even in the depths of winter, and where could one hope to travel more favourably than in our island garden? The last tourists had all gone away. We did not encounter a single specimen on our travels. The Queen was at Osborne, and Lord Tennyson at Faringford. We went to one after another of the big hotels of the show places, and we had them all to ourselves. The unexpected apparition of winter tourists excited a mild sensation. It so prosperously happened that in our three or four busiest days there was not a single drop of rain. It was a burst of fine weather before the dense fogs of January which visited London draped the Solent in impenetrable gloom.

The Isle of Wight is a region with which people are only imperfectly acquainted. They know and appreciate the fact that the Queen and Lord Tennyson have their homes there. In the summer season they are well acquainted with Cowes and Ryde, and generally speaking, have some idea of the fringe of coast. They can hardly have failed to go through the Landslip and the Undercliff. They have an idea, too, that Carisbrooke Castle is stuck down in the middle of the island especially for the delectation of tourists. They may know all this without understanding the island itself, and the inhabitants thereof. They are quite an insular people, insular in

their ways and methods and modes; simple, independent, and, to their credit, intensely loyal and Protestant. They are all more or less agricultural, and their agriculture is about fifteen years behind the high farming of the mainland. So, at least, I was assured by a sagacious Scotch farmer, who assumed to speak impartially. The ways and dialect of the Isle of Wight peasant are brought out in a story written by a lady in the island, the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland."

You often pass some lovely places, beautiful at all seasons, hidden in deep-sunken glens, with ramparts of hills and downs, little visited by tourists. Thus there is a fine walk from the little hamlet of Blackwater to Niton. Blackwater is the most primitive of railway stations. The train only stops by signal, which means the waving of a red flag. The station chiefly consists of an old disused railway-carriage, which, like old boats, are turned into cottages in some parts of the country. Here is a woman who is station-mistress and porter, and collects tickets, and, if you require, writes one out on a little piece of paper, which serves as a ticket. From here you travel to Niton and Blackgang Chine, and thence you go on to Ventnor or Freshwater. If you take the Ventnor road, turn aside at Godshill, where note the fine tower of the church, nobly placed on an eminence, and go through Appuldurcombe Park to Wroxall, where you may take train if you are so disposed. There is a noble house and park—a house, the natives say, which has as many windows as there are days in the year. It belonged to the Earls of Yarborough, who seem quite to have given up the island: we hear much of Yarborough, Yarmouth, and the River Yar. Brightstone is a secluded village, hid away, and quite out of the common beat. Within quite recent times it has given two excellent bishops to the Church of England, who have been rectors here—Bishop Wilberforce and Bishop Moberley. The Wilberforce biography has many reminiscences of Brightstone, and the Bishop placed a stained-glass window there, which is not, however, of much size or significance. There is some old panelled oak which belongs to the time of Bishop Ken, who was rector here for two years. There are a number of very notable churches in the vicinity. Some of these are always opened, some are always closed, and for some four parishes of the island an admission-fee of sixpence is exacted. The little church of Galton lies in a park at some little distance from the high road to Carisbrooke. The tiny village nestles in a hollow cup in the midst of the hills; there is no high road running through it. Nothing more remote and primitive could be well imagined, and the wintry garb, to my mind, seemed to suit it well. On my way thither I passed the Medina, a stream so slender that you may easily leap it; but soon it becomes the tidal estuary on which a navy might repose. It was a glorious walk across St. George's Downs to Arreton, which is the largest parish in the island. This gives you what is perhaps the finest range of inland views in the whole island. In those out-of-the-way villages you see the cottages of the genuine old cob and thatch kind, and, you do not get the brick, the stucco, and the slate that everywhere follow the slowest and most expensive of British railways.

In a later December day I took a walk through the Undercliff. I know of no other drive of equal extent, shelter, and beauty in the country. There were many carriages and pedestrians in the half-dozen miles, and a coach runs regularly. There was unbroken, continuous sunshine; the sea presented a burnished molten surface, on one side was the green and the grey of trees, grasses, and rocks, and on the other "bowery hollows" to the water-edge. Within a mile of Ventnor I stopped at the gates of the National Consumptive Hospital. There was the last block of buildings to be seen, only finished in the summer of '87. On this occasion I went through the long subterranean passage, through which meals are distributed at the same temperature through all the different blocks. The place would be a study for any scientific man in noticing how all possible appliances are used for the amelioration of disease, with results that are remarkably favourable. Each inmate has his own separate bedroom, as good as the smaller bedrooms of a first-class hotel; there are separate sitting-rooms, varying in size, for each half-dozen inmates. I looked over the report, which has certainly got some big figures; for instance, 40,000 lbs. of meat and 70,000 pints of milk. Of course, we went down Blackgang Chine, which we found very good walking for the time of year. Not far from this is the house which Dr. Pusey owned, and resided in for years, and where Dr. Liddon composed his famous Bampton Lectures.

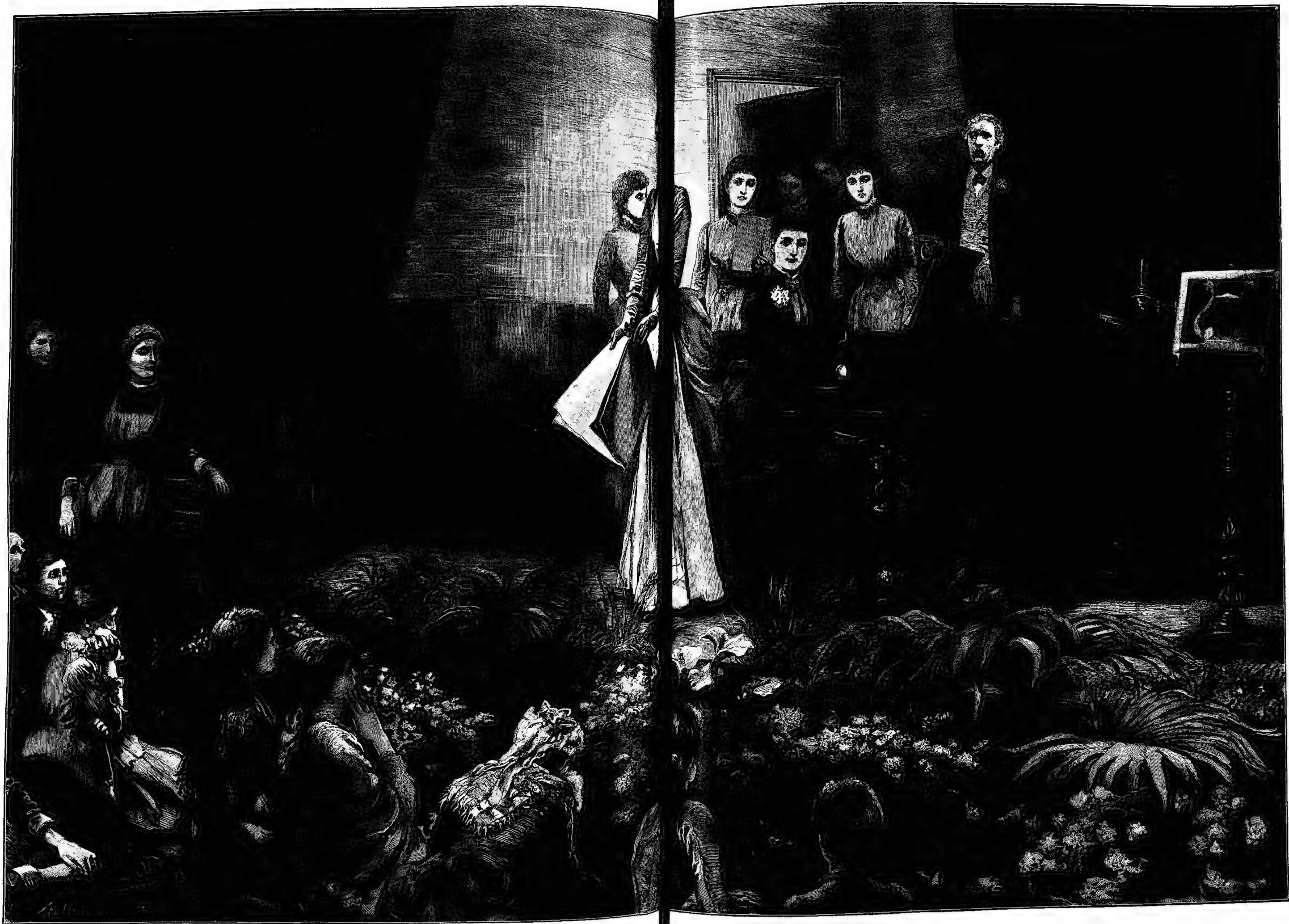
There are many literary reminiscences connected with the island, both present and past; James White of Ventnor, Miss Lamb, John Sterling, William Adams, the projected cross above whose grave constantly recalls the famous allegory, "The Shadow of the Cross." The literary element of the island literature is to a great extent religious. The writings of Legh Richmond still continue a living force in this respect. I see that even the railway companies in their large picture advertisements give the homes of the "Young Cottager," or the "Dairyman's Daughter," among the illustrations of localities. I am afraid from what I have heard that Legh Richmond was hardly able to do justice to all his work—parish, pupils, and literature combined—but those island narratives have had an enormous use and popularity. A whole tide of tourists go to see the tumble-down cottage at Brading, where the mass of myrtle is nearly dislocated from the wall, the tall headstone near the church, or visit at Arreton the grave of the "Dairyman's Daughter." These simple, humble, homely scenes have touched a chord that will never cease to vibrate. There is a calm idyllic beauty about them that teaches us to comprehend the island. Only the districts that in his day were wild and unfrequented are now broken up into esplanades and terraces, or establishing an eruption of villas in every direction.

Coming away from Brightstone, which the people pronounce and spell Brixton, we fall into the little-known and unfrequented road called the Military Road. It is a very good road in its way, more dry and firm than the usual road, and saves a mile or two in going to Freshwater. It is ill-frequented because, save to neighbouring tenants, who have a right of way, all access is denied to vehicles and to cattle. The Government made this road, and thought it only fair that the Commissioners for Highways, or people with some title of that sort, should maintain it. This, however, they declined to do, and the Government has accordingly shut up the road. There is, unfortunately, only too good a reason for declining to take over the care of the road. The sea is gradually eating away the coast, and to maintain the road would be costly, not to say impossible. If you follow the road straight on, it will lead you comfortably, by means of a steep cliff, to the depths of the English Channel. We make our approach to Freshwater, the daylight having failed us, in the dark, save for the light of a young moon that shone intermittently from thick clouds. There was every facility for breaking one's neck in the dark in this romantic neighbourhood. We were glad to see the scattered lights of the little township, of which Lord Tennyson, the great man of the place, does not speak very sympathetically,—

Yonder lies our young sea village,  
 Art and grace are less and less.  
 Science grows and Beauty dwindles—  
 Roofs of slated hideousness.

The "young sea village" has gathered round Lord Tennyson's house just as so many villages have gathered round the base of old baronial places. It was forty years ago when he first came to Faringford, and took an old-fashioned farmstead. It has become a very pleasing and beautiful place, the old house being preserved in the modern additions. Lord Tennyson is lord of the manor, or rather of one of the two manors of which Faringford consists. He





ENTERTAINMENT AT THE BROMPTON HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION  
A CONCERT BY THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER DAUGHTERS



has "the careless ordered garden close to the ridge of a noble down," and the down and the garden are both his. It stretches along to the opposite side of the downs over which we came, and I believe that above four miles of it belong to the poet. It has the name of Beacon Down, and it is held on the tenure of its beacon being lighted in case of invasion. In Freshwater Church he has recently erected a statue of St. John, and also a memorial tablet to his gifted son Lionel, with an inscription of two verses from "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After."

Within Whippingham Church the Queen has within the last six months placed a medallion to the memory of the Duke of Albany. All the monuments in the church are Royal monuments, except one to the memory of Mr. Arnold, the father of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, which is a survival from the old church. The new building has a special interest for Her Majesty as being built under the direction, and partly from the design, of the Prince Consort. It is not often, they told us, that the Queen now attends service at Whippingham Church, as Canon Prothero goes over to Osborne House for the service.

We were told, however, that there is one service which she never misses, the early eight o'clock celebration on Christmas morning. Then the humblest villager may draw near to the altar rails and kneel down close to the Queen of England. Almost opposite the Church there are a row of very pretty houses, which are the Queen's almshouses, where she maintains a certain number of poor aged people with an adequate allowance. The last of these the Queen retains for her own use, and it is called the Queen's Morning Room. Here she rests for a time, when she may be making her island expeditions, or personally visiting, as her benevolent custom is, her poor neighbours. Sometimes the remote villages in the island are started and gratified by the vision of the Queen driving past.

On the whole our winter exploration was very enjoyable. People are now learning to climb the Alps in the winter, and there is really not much reason why they should not make winter expeditions to the choice places of our own country.



"HARMONIA," by the author of "Estelle Russell," &c. (3 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), is called, on the title-page, a chronicle, and, it might very properly have been added, of small beer. But then it is very excellent small beer, and there is certainly plenty of it—quantity and quality go together. The story narrates the experiences of a young couple, and others, who join a new settlement somewhere in the Southern States, called Harmonia. Those experiences have their little romances, and even a solitary tragedy. But they consist in plentiful measure of "bees," in the American sense; of waffles, broiled chicken, molasses, and similar elements of the original, but now antiquated, school of American fiction. The author rejoices in the most minute domestic detail, and gives the result an air of personal experience, seeing that the greater portion is neither imaginable without such knowledge, nor, many persons will think, worth imagining with it. However, it certainly possesses a practical interest for readers who foresee any likelihood of finding themselves in similar circumstances; and in any case the novel will be found pleasant reading by all whose tastes are of an ultra-quiet order. It is interesting, moreover, to note that the Eden of Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley is by no means extinct, upon the testimony of "Harmonia," about which there is a good deal of Eden, minus the special colouring.

It is impossible to avoid wondering where Mr. James Payn's reputation as an author would have been had it depended on such work as "A Prince of the Blood" (3 vols.: Ward and Downey). Of course it is well understood that, when a reputation is once made, its maker may play with it a little to please himself—at any rate, such is the practice, and readers mostly allow an accepted favourite to nod, not only sometimes, but chronically. The book has an air of having been written in very early youth—so early that good taste, common sense, and grammar had still all to be acquired. The excessively mawkish relations between Edith Norbury and that "noble savage," Prince Tarilam ("My Tarilam," as the lady comically calls him) would be particularly unpleasant to read about but for the schoolgirlish fashion in which they are described; and their framework of adventure is as curiously clumsy and slipshod as the language in which they are narrated. Is it possible that there can be a second James Payn, who has entered the novel-writing world before he is properly qualified? Yet surely there is only one, who can describe himself upon a title-page as the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd."

"Dudley," by Curtis Yorke (1 vol.: Jarrold and Sons), is rather a pretty story, nicely told, and fairly well put together. The men who take part in it are exceedingly lady-like, and the girls are exceptionally pleasant and natural, in spite—or dare we say because?—of certain tendencies to temper. Then Curtis Yorke has, certainly a turn for pathos, not, indeed, of a high order, but quite satisfactory so far as it goes. She can describe a death-bed scene very touchingly; and she has here and there a touch of the natural concomitant of pathos, that is to say humour. Altogether she has written a very neat piece of fiction, in which it is impossible to find either conspicuous merits or faults worth noticing. She has omitted none of the attributes of a well-told story, and is certain to please a large circle of readers in a quiet and wholesome way.

"The Diamond Lens," and the dozen stories which follow it (1 vol.: Ward and Downey) were eminently worth collecting as the work of an ill-fated man of unquestionable genius, who probably never did himself full justice or received it from others. The collection has been made and edited by Mr. William Winter, who has prefixed an interesting and sympathetic memoir of the author, Fitzjames O'Brien. The influence of Poe over both the themes and the treatment of the stories is obvious; but they are not the less original—many of them are such as Poe might have imagined and written at his best, and are in no sense imitations of what he had actually written. Some of them, such as "The Lost Room," are nightmares of the first order, almost worthy of Hoffmann himself; and their finish, considering the nature of the author, and his method of production, or rather want of method, is remarkable. They read like real, and not imagined dreams—in which respect they have even the better of those which we have suggested as their conscious or unconscious model. Nor ought the reader to pass over a memoir of an exceptionally interesting, and, at its close, pathetic career.

In appropriate sequence comes "Dreamland and Ghostland: An Original Collection of Tales and Warnings from the Borderland of Substance and Shadow" (3 vols.: G. Redway). These tales are of very varying degrees of merit and interest, the originality of the collection principally, if not entirely, consisting in quarrying among the principal magazines. A certain air of importance is given to the result in a preface which suggests that actual experience, more or less coloured, commends the stories in some cases to the student of psychology. It is a pity that the editor found himself unable to discriminate between "the germ of reality" and its colour. For we are in a position to know that, in the case of at least one tale, there is not even a germ of reality—that it is pure fiction throughout. And, as this is not likely to be a solitary instance, we should say that the psychological student would be wise to exercise a certain amount of caution. The general reader who likes ghost-stories and

dream-stories for their own sake, in the straightforward old fashion, will find plenty of entertainment in these three volumes, and, thanks to the variety of sources from which the contents are drawn, no sort of monotony.

## SCENES ON THE ROAD IN THE OLD COACHING DAYS

FROM CONTEMPORARY DRAWINGS BY ARTISTS OF THE PERIOD  
I.

THE pleasures of the road have engrossed a large share of the attention of both artists and writers in the past, from the obvious reason that when locomotion was alone performed on the turnpike, before the advent of lines of iron rails to all parts of the kingdom, the incidents of travelling by coach, stage-waggon, and other vehicles naturally occupied a prominent share of the daily lives of average mortals, when the necessity arose for transporting themselves from one place to another at a distance. A selection, pictorially illustrating, from contemporary sources, the episodes of the road, the methods of travelling, and the characteristics of the coaching days forms the special feature of the present Supplement.

The first picture reproduces the familiar aspect of a holiday jaunt as performed on the Sabbath more than a century ago; the locality is the slope up Richmond Hill, then, as now, a favourite Sunday resort for travellers alike "on wheels" and on foot. The humour of this scene struck the lively fancy of Henry Bunbury, the famous caricaturist of his generation, his pencil perpetuated the curious vehicles he met on the road, and, by Sir Joshua Reynolds' own pressing invitation, the large drawing of the subject was exhibited at the Royal Academy. This picture afterwards became the property of one of Bunbury's numerous admirers, Horace Walpole. When Bunbury drew his version of Richmond Hill the system of mails and stage-coaches was awaiting development, "the mails were still entrusted," says John Palmer, the inaugurator of the present system, "to some idle boy without character, who was mounted on a worn-out hack, and who, so far from being able to defend himself or to escape from a robber, was more likely to be in league with him." The untrustworthiness of post boys, and the risk which attended the enclosures entrusted to their care, induced tradesmen to send their letters by the stage-coach for their better protection; "why therefore," said Palmer, "should not the stage-coach, well protected by armed guards, under certain conditions to be specified, carry the mail bags?" Owing to various oppositions on the part of the gentlemen of the Post Office, it was not until 1784 that the first trial of the mail coach plan came into effect: these coaches were originally started at the rate of six miles an hour, but the official rate of speed was gradually increased until ten miles an hour became the standard of pace. The sense of popular appreciation of the benefits of this important change was shown in the production of a copper "token"—"the mail-coach halfpenny." This bore the representation of the mail-coach, with its team at full speed, with the legend, "To trade expedition, and to property protection," and on the reverse the dedication, "To J. Palmer, Esq., this is inscribed as a token of gratitude, for benefits received from the establishment of mail-coaches."

"The Stage-Waggon," or, to give the title generally inscribed on its tilt, "The Flying Waggon," was the common method of conveyance. The illustration of this cumbersome machine is supplied from a picture by J. L. Agasse, which is dated 1820. Of this type was the "Newcastle Waggon," with six broad wheels, and a team of eight horses, which carried not only passengers but merchandise—in this case a great portion of the Glasgow linen and cotton manufactures—to the London market. The speed was not of a break-neck order—twenty-five miles a day, resting on Sundays; it was three weeks on the road between Glasgow and London. On the principal roads strings of stage-waggons were accustomed to travel in company; they seldom changed horses, but used the same teams throughout. Our ancestors were constantly carried to Bath and the West of England by these Noah's Ark-like conveyances; they had their popular side, and the delights of travelling by the misnamed "Flying Machines" were sung by humble poetasters—witness the couplets indited "under the tilt" by a merry wag, self-christened "Poet Laureate to the Hambleton Waggon":—

St. George rode fierce, on furious steed,  
When he subdued the Dragon;  
But Georgiana, fairest maid,  
Rides safe in tilted waggon.

With four-in-hand Sir Harry drives,  
And 'tis a thing to brag on;  
Of such mad folks, Fate spare the lives!  
And send them a safe waggon.

Nectareous tea the ladies sip,  
The rustic drains his flagon;  
Oh! let me taste the honied lip  
Of nymph in tilted waggon.

A golden calf was Israel's bane,  
Philistia worship'd Dagon;  
Far lovelier idols we have seen,  
And worship'd in a waggon!

In gilded chariots, sad and slow,  
The tardy moments lag on;  
Too rapidly *our* hours go,  
So jocund in a waggon.

The poet seeks a tinkling rhyme,  
His hum-drum verse to tag on;  
How far more musical the chime  
Of bells in tilted waggon.

His lordship rides in close sedan,  
With powder'd wig and bag on,  
Some ride, some trudge a-foot, and some  
Mount jovially the waggon.

In direct contrast to the cumbersome travelling waggon were the light and airy vehicles, like the "gig," which were brought into use to satisfy the requirements of a more rapid generation; to this order of dashing conveyances belongs "The Tilbury," as depicted by Henry Alken, a once highly fashionable turn-out, invented by a West End coachbuilder, by whose name his somewhat dangerous innovation was christened; there was one objection to this species of nicely-balanced two-wheeled trap, the ease with which the equilibrium was lost, and the occupants were thrown out.

Of the genus "gig," with its varieties "The Buggy," "Stanhope," "Denney," and "Tilbury," "Nimrod" discourses in 1837. "The race has multiplied, and many names and varieties have been adopted in succession. The quiet movement of the wheels, the nice equilibrium in which they are placed on the axle, the evenness of their motion by reason of their being detached from the shafts, and the ease with which they follow the horse, make 'gigs' delightful carriages to ride in, and we could wish they were not so dangerous."

Second only to the zest of flying through the country, and tasting the fresh air, was the enjoyment of such a keen appetite as early rising, and doing several stages before breakfast, or travelling all night in a sharp wind, could alone inspire. Welcome, therefore, was the fare provided at the old-fashioned country inns, which went "the way of all flesh," when the railway system was finally adopted. Pollard has preserved the aspect presented by

the "Stage-Coach Passengers at Breakfast"—twenty minutes allowed, and a complete "restoration" effected, including the luxury of a barber in attendance, an indispensable functionary at the era when clean-shaving was the order of the day. Says the veteran T. Adolphus Trollope, in his recent pleasant "Reminiscences," "The hot tea, after your night's drive, the fresh cream, butter, eggs, hot toast, and cold beef, and then, with cigar alight, back to the box and off again!" Good as were the breakfasts, the stage-coach dinners at the good inns on the road, as described by the experienced travellers, were of their kind simply perfection.

The most lively out-of-door spectacles in those days were the startings of the strings of mail-coaches from the East and the West. When John Palmer was installed at the Post-Office, under the title of Controller-General, his reforms included the timing of the mails at each successive stage, so that they might all, as far as possible, be delivered simultaneously, and he proposed that, instead of leaving London at all hours of the night, all the coaches for the different roads should start from the General Post-Office at the same time. "Thus was established," writes Captain Malet, "a practice which long afforded to the stranger in London one of the first of City sights." It is on all hands agreed that the excitement of seeing the mails set out was worth a journey to the point of their departure. James Pollard who, early in the century, was the painter *par excellence* of coaching themes, has pictured the mails setting forth for the four points of the compass; starting with "The Departure from the General Post-Office" (as shown in the illustration). This exhilarating spectacle was seen under the most favourable circumstances on the anniversary of the King's birthday, when the scarlet liveries of all the guards were put on span-new, and the heads of the horses were gay with floral decorations. After St. Martin's-le-Grand there were the coach-parade to be witnessed in Piccadilly at the historical White Horse Cellar, and elsewhere. Amongst the surviving examples of Pollard's skill as a recorder of "the things that were" are his views of "The West-Country Mails at the Gloucester Coffee House, Piccadilly," also illustrated in our series; "North-Country Mails at the Peacock, Islington, 1823;" and "The Elephant and Castle on the Brighton Road, 1826," a series of four spirited panorama-like delineations full of the bustling life and incident of scenes on the road in the old coaching-days.

JOSEPH GREGO

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THE American trilogy of semi-sacred tragedies which the author promised to the world is now completed by the publication of "Salome: a Dramatic Poem," by J. C. Heywood (Kegan Paul), and, on the whole, the latest portion is disappointing. The style and sentiment are as turgid as ever, and both blank verse and lyrics are as open to criticism; but there is a lack of the unintentionally comic element which distinguished both "Herodias" and "Antoniue," the latter especially, and so the piece is heavy to read. The action is supposed to take place during the last day of the Siege of Jerusalem, and we are treated to the hideous episode of Marah devouring her child—totally unfit for dramatic purposes as it is. Kaliphilus, the Wandering Jew, is again one of the foremost characters, and in the end murders both the heroine and her lover in the dungeon where the Baptist had been beheaded.

Another Transatlantic poem, most sumptuously produced, is "Geraldine: a Souvenir of the St. Lawrence" (Trübner), in which the anonymous author seems to have been unjustly accused of imitating Owen Meredith's "Lucile," which he—or she—had never read. There is a great deal of this novel in verse—it might just as well have been in prose—and it is, on the whole, tedious; partly because of the superabundance of moralising of a trite nature, but chiefly because the writer has chosen an unfortunate metre, viz., rhyming twelve syllable verse. This soon becomes tiresome to read, and is so intimately associated with comic verse as to be an unsuitable vehicle for a serious poem of any length; at moments when we ought to be deeply moved the mind cannot resist thinking of the "Ingoldsby Legends." The story is simply this: a rather weak-minded young poetaster, Percival Trent, is engaged to the charming Geraldine Hope, but meeting with a fascinating grass-widow, Isabel Lee, falls in love with her, and behaves in a highly ungentlemanly way all round. Geraldine releases him and he goes West, there to meet with Isabel's dying husband. After other vicissitudes he returns, saves Miss Hope from a burning hall, and marries her, whilst Mrs. Lee takes up with her cousin the Major. There are one or two rather pretty descriptive passages, and a fairly good ballad, "Building and Being;" otherwise the poem is not of a high order. The illustrations are, many of them, excellent.

"Voices of the Street," by Cyrus Thornton (Elliot Stock) is a little volume of pleasant and thoughtful verse without any very high poetical aim. Decidedly the best thing is a simple, touching ballad, "They brought her home his soldier's coat;" in "Homeless," Mr. Thornton seems rather to assume the necessary turpitude of well-to-do people.

In "The Chronicle of Mites, and Other Pieces," by James Aitchison (Kegan Paul), we find the work of a scholarly and thoughtful mind, with considerable humour. The principal poem, in riding rhyme, is for the most part carefully written, and may be read with a fair amount of amusement. It is a satire, in allegorical form, on the existing state of things social, political, and religious; but it strikes us that it would have been equally effective without the fable. The lyrics are inferior, chiefly because Mr. Aitchison has a defective ear for rhyme.

"Women Must Weep," by Professor F. Harald Williams (Swan Sonnenschein), is a collection of verses written with a truly noble purpose—the advocacy of the cause of the poor and neglected, especially the women and children, in our city streets. Apart from this, the verse is at times of a high order, as in "The White Cross," "On the Threshold," "The Baby Innocents," or "Nobody's Child," which reminds us somewhat of Mr. G. R. Sims. Professor Williams is thoroughly in earnest, and his plea cannot but appeal to all thinking minds; but we must take exception to such a line as "Her blind and beauteous arms," which is simply meaningless, and spoils an otherwise good piece.



MESSRS. RIDGEWAY AND CO.—A pleasing love song, written and composed by Philip Sothern and Theo. Bennett, is "Margaret," the compass is within the middle octave.—Of the same tender type is "Devoted Hearts," words by James Blackney, music by Kilvington Hattersley.—By the above-named poet is a pleasing poem, "Whispering of the Wind," which Sephie Moulton has set to appropriate music with much taste.—"Aspasia Gavotte," for the pianoforte, by J. Henry Leipold, and "A Twilight Dream," by Mrs. Barron, are pretty *morceaux* for the schoolroom.

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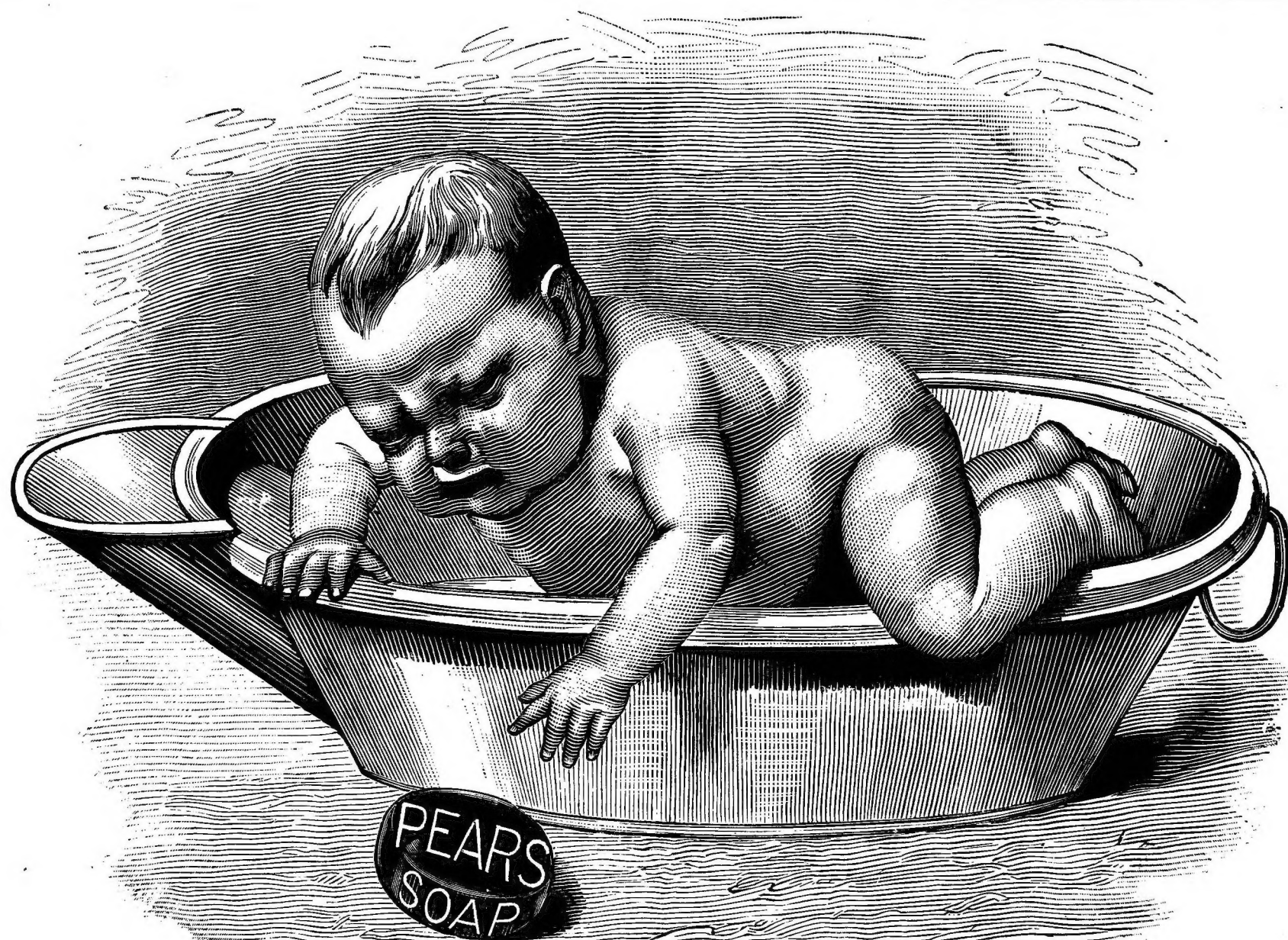
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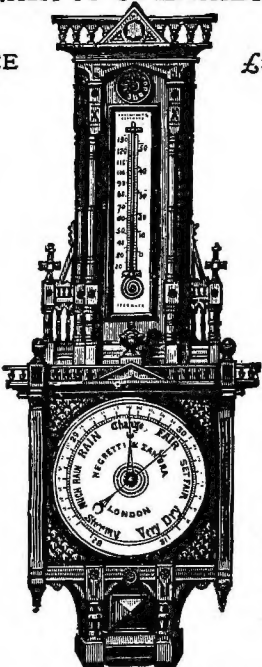
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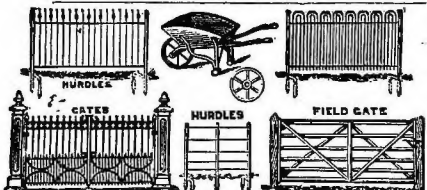
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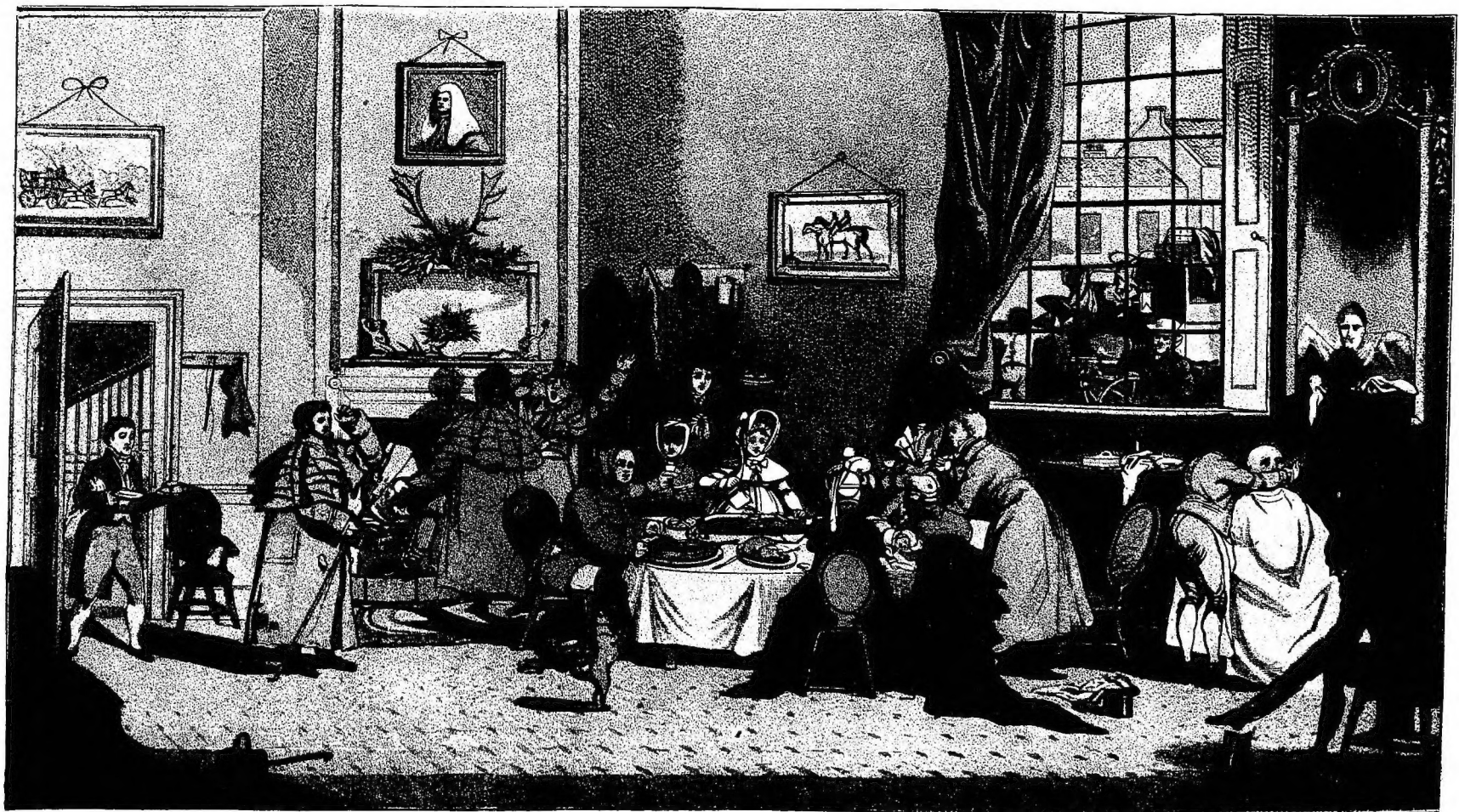
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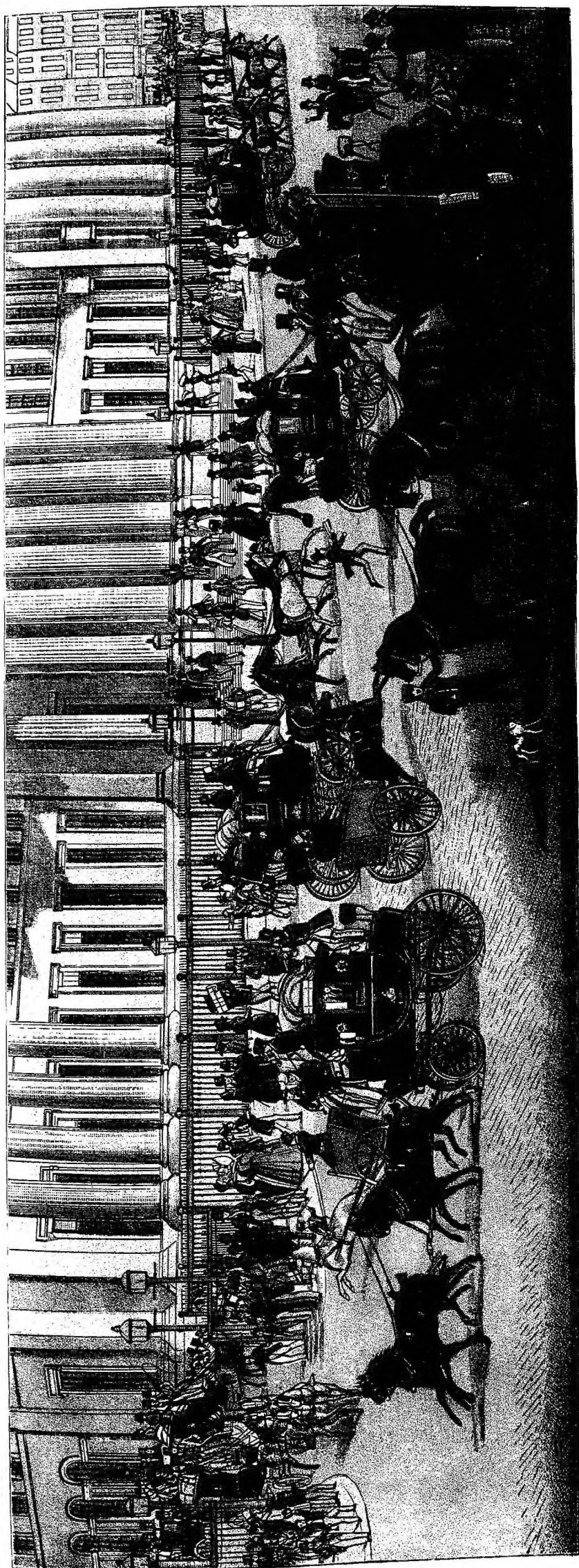


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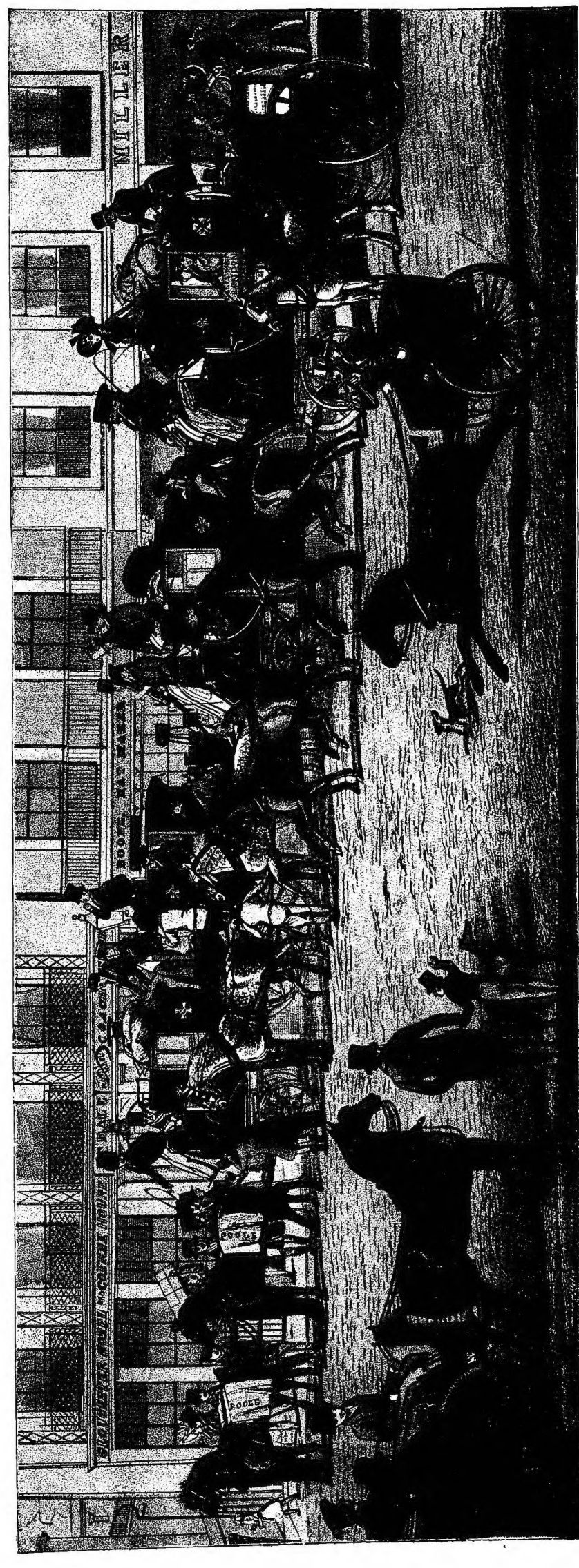


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